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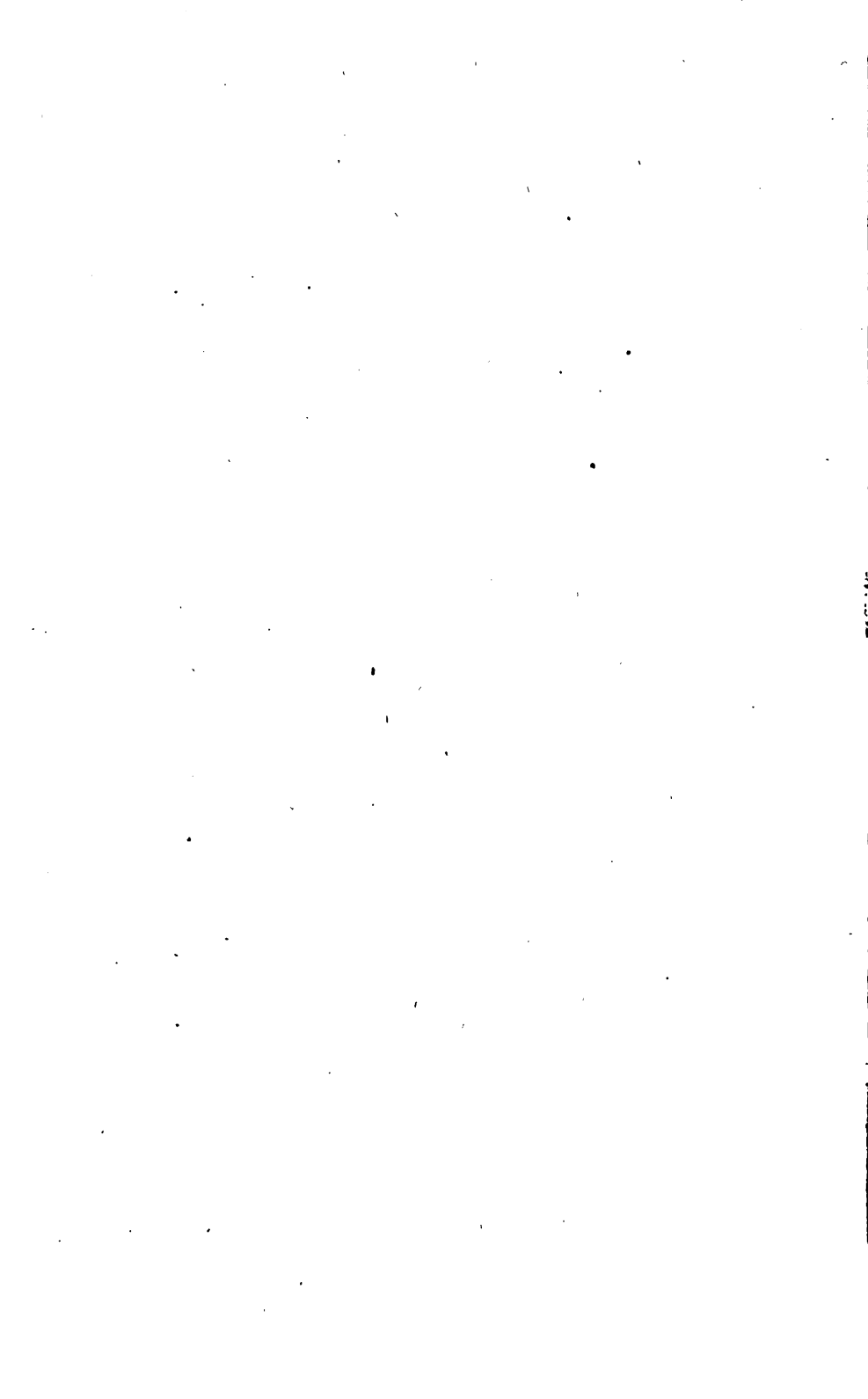
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SONGS OF A STRANGER.

2

LONDON:

PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

P. H. 1825

SONGS OF A STRANGER. ✓

BY

LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

I do but dream.

Like one that stands upon a promontory
And spies a far off shore which he would reach,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye.

SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,
BY TAYLOR AND HESSEY,
93, FLEET-STREET,
AND 13, WATERLOO-PLACE, PALL-MALL.

1825.

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TO THE
REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES,

THESE POEMS

ARE DEDICATED,

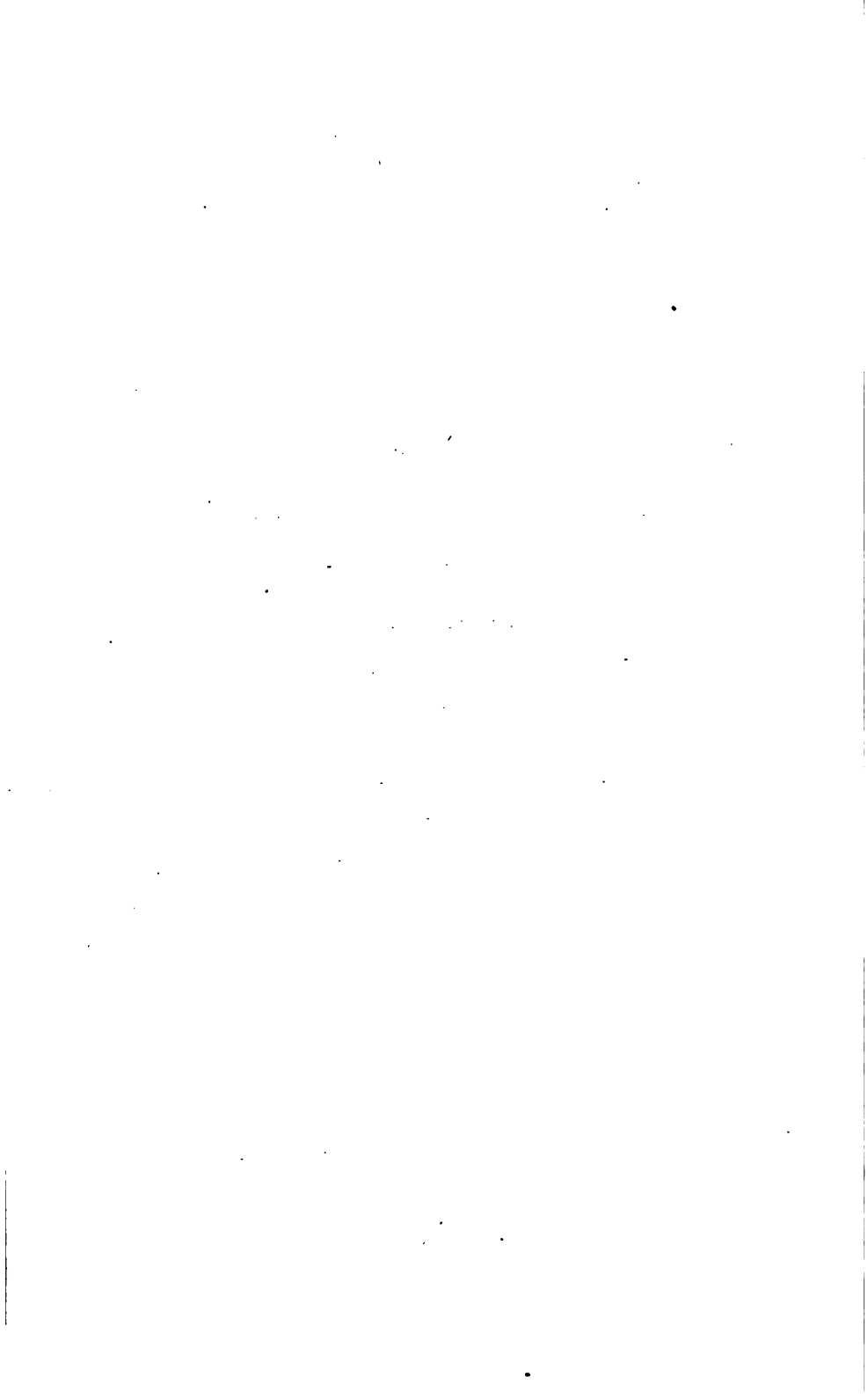
AS A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE

AND

SINCERE ESTEEM,

BY

LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.



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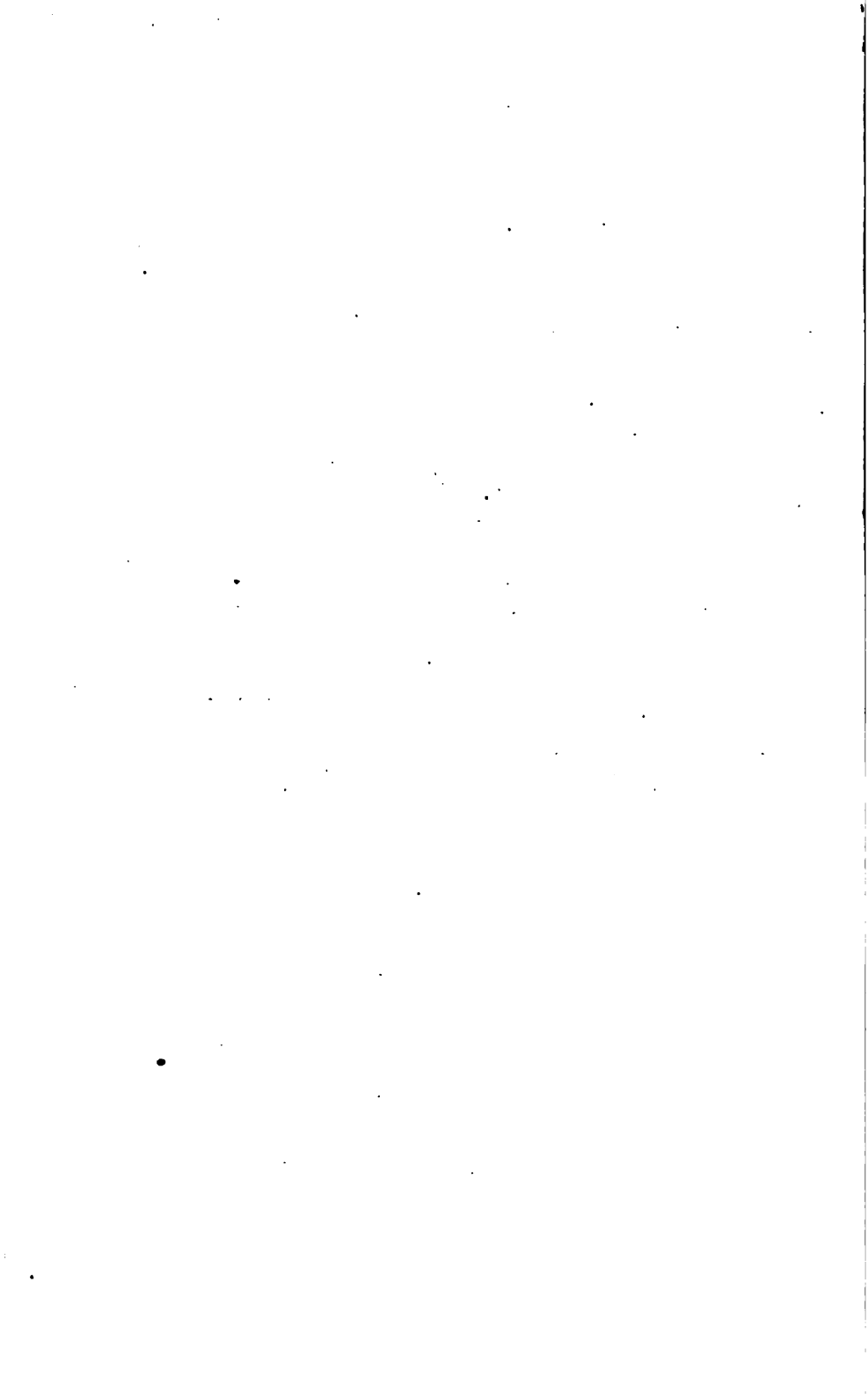
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WHO'E'R may chaunce upon thys lyttel booke
A moment's time to pause, may call to mynde
That lyfe itself is one, whereon we looke
With eye of praise or blame, whenas we fynde
Our faults scann'd light, or hardlie, by mankynde.
Soe, gentil reader, take not moche amisse
What our hight authore may have been inclyn'd
Herein to rite:—as he but meneth thys,
To shew his booke, lyke lyfe, a varied volume is.

OLD POEM.



THE HUNTER OF THE URUGUAY TO HIS LOVE (1).

WOULD'ST thou be happy, would'st thou be free,
Come to our woody islands with me !
Come, while the summer sun is high,
Beneath the peach tree's shade to lie ;
Or thy hunter will shield thee the live-long day
In his hut of reeds from the scorching ray.
There countless birds with wings of light
Shall flit and glitter before thy sight,
And their songs from the stately palm trees nigh
Shall charm thee with ceaseless melody.

The Cayman shall not lurk within
To steal around thy bed ;
But the leopard shall yield his spotted skin
That thy couch may be warmly spread.

2 THE HUNTER OF THE URUGUAY

The river-serpent, with glittering coil,
 Shall plunge beneath the tide;
And the Ao shall shun the happy isle
 That hails my gentle bride.

Thou shalt list to the hymn of the forest choir
 As eve comes gently on,
How the woods resound
With the lengthen'd sound,
 Till in distance it is gone.

Thou shalt mark the ounce in his leafy shade,
 How he lures his finny prey—
Whose colours, in the gleam display'd,
 Illumine the wat'ry way.

The bright dorado shall glitter by
 With scales of gold and blue,
As the lucid waters tremblingly
 Reflect each varying hue.
Come, my beloved, delay no more;
I linger for thee upon the shore.

Fear not the rocks that darken our course ;
Our canoes are swift and strong :
Fear not the eddy's hurrying force ;
We shall dart, like light, along.

The willows are waving to hail us home ;
When the hunter and his bride shall come :
All the joys of summer stay for thee—
Oh, come to our woody islands with me.

THE DESTROYING SPIRIT.(2)

I sit upon the rocks that frown
Above the rapid Nile ;
And on the toil of man look down
With bitter and scornful smile.
My rocks are inaccessible,
And few return their terrors to tell.

My subjects are the birds, whose wings
Never soar'd into other air ;
To whose shrill cries each echo rings—
For their nests are hidden there :
They dip their plumes in that mighty river,
Whose course is onward—onward, for ever.

I see the deluge come sweeping on
Where waving corn-fields gleam ;
And forests, and cities, and herds are gone,
Like the shadows of a dream :

The rushing tide is an ocean now,
And islands of ruin darken its brow.

But the waters sink, and earth again
Smiles under Nature's gentlest reign :
Where, from scenes of bliss, shall I go ?
I—whose existence is terror and woe.
Now I hide in the burning breast
Of some mountain, whose fires are never at rest,
And urge the torrents that downward flow,
Crushing and swallowing all below.
Then, through the air—away !—away !
Till I check my course on the dread Himmaleh :
Down to its deepest valleys I dive,
Which no mortal can ever see and live,
To visit the evil spirits who dwell
In the ceaseless gloom of that murky dell.

With them, from their rocky temples I roam,
To lure the traveller from his home :

When he rests beneath some charmed tree
With dreams we vex his mind ;
And he wakes our hideous forms to see,
As we hover upon the wind ;

And our voices howl in the hurrying blast,
Till in frantic fear he breathes his last :
Then we bear him to our dismal cave,
And his tortured spirit we claim as our slave !

I dwell where tempests are loud and dread—
I ride on the billow's foam ;
And wherever terror is widest spread
There is the Spirit's home.

L I N E S.

If we should ever meet again
When many tedious years are past ;
When time shall have unbound the chain,
And this sad heart is free at last ;—
Then shall we meet and look unmov'd,
As though we ne'er had met—had lov'd !

And I shall mark without a tear
How cold and calm thy alter'd brow ;
I shall forget thou once wert dear,
Rememb'ring but thy broken vow !
Rememb'ring that in trusting youth
I lov'd thee with the purest truth ;
That now the fleeting dream is o'er,
And thou canst raise the spell no more !

SONG

THY form was fair, thine eye was bright,
Thy voice was melody ;
Around thee beam'd the purest light
Of love's own sky.
Each word that trembled on thy tongue
Was sweet, was dear to me ;
A spell in those soft numbers hung
That drew my soul to thee.

Thy form, thy voice, thine eyes are now
As beauteous and as fair ;
But though still blooming is thy brow,
Love is not there.
And though as sweet thy voice be yet,
I treasure not the tone ;
It cannot bid my heart forget—
Its tenderness is gone !

SONG.

Odi quel rusignolo
Che va di ramo in ramo
Cantando; io amo; io amo.

TASSO'S AMINTA.

THIS mournful heart can dream of nought but thee,
As with slow steps among these shades I move,
And hear the nightingale from tree to tree
Sighing "I love! I love!"

THIS mournful heart wakes to one thought alone
That still our fatal parting will renew,
To hear that bird when Spring's last eve is gone
Sighing "Adieu! Adieu!"

THE DREAMER ON THE SEA SHORE. (3)

WHAT are the dreams of him who may sleep
Where the solemn voice of the troubled deep
Steals on the wind with a sullen roar,
And the waters foam along the shore?
Who shelter'd lies in some calm retreat,
And hears the music of waves at his feet?

He sees not the sail that passes on
O'er the sunny fields of the sea, alone,
The farthest point that gleams on the sight,
A vanishing speck of glittering light.

He sees not the spray that, spreading wide,
Throws its lines of snow on the dark green tide;
Or the billows rushing with crests of foam
As they strove which first should reach their home—
Their home! what home has the restless main,
Which only arrives to return again,

Like the wand'rer she bears on her stormy breast,
Who seeks in vain for a place of rest.

Lo! his visions bear him along
To rocks that have heard the mermaid's song;
Or, borne on the surface of some dark surge,
Unharm'd he lies, while they onward urge
Their rapid course, and waft him away
To islands half hid 'midst the shadowy spray,
Where trees wave their boughs in the perfum'd gale,
And bid the wave-borne stranger hail;
Where birds are flitting like gems in the sun,
And streams over emerald meadows run,
That whisper in melody as they glide
To the flowers that blush along their side.
Sorrow ne'er came to that blissful shore,
For no mortal has entered that isle before:
There the Halcyon waits on the sparkling strand
Till the bark of her lover the Nautilus land;
She spreads her purple wings to the air,
And she sees his fragile vessel there—
She sees him float on the summer sea,
Where no breath but the sigh of his love may be.

The dreamer leaps towards that smiling shore—
When, lo ! the vision is there no more !
Its trees, its flowers, its birds are gone—
A waste of waters is spread alone.
Plunged in the tide, he struggles amain—
High they pour, and he strives in vain :
He sinks—the billows close over his head,
He shrieks—'tis over—the dream is fled ;
Secure he lies in his calm retreat,
And the idle waters still rave at his feet.

L I N E S.

I CANNOT sleep—my nights glide on
In one unbroken thought of thee ;
And when the gloomy shades are gone,
I start the dawning light to see.
And as I watch the rising morn
Gain slowly o'er the yielding sky,
And mark another day new born,
That glows so brightly—yet must die—
I think how all the hopes we cherish
As transient, though as bright, will be ;
And frailest of the hopes that perish
Were mine, that told of love and thee !

THE CAPE OF THE CABA RUMIA.

Cervantes mentions that the memory of Florinda, the daughter of Count Julian, is held in detestation by both Spaniards and Moors. On the coast of Barbary is a cape called the Caba Rumia, or Cape of the Wicked Christian Woman, where, it is said, that Cava, or Caba, or Florinda lies buried; and the Moors think it ominous to be forced into that bay.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SAIL on! what power has our luckless bark
To this ominous realm betrayed,
Where Cava's rock, o'er the waters dark,
Points out where her bones are laid?

Away! away! though tempests sweep,
And waves rage loud and high,
Brave all the terrors of the deep—
But come not that haven nigh.
The spirit of the fatal fair
Hovers dimly over her grave;

'Tis her voice that rings through the troubled air,

'Tis her moan that awakes the wave !

Oh ! dearly the sons of Spain can tell

The woes that her beauty cost,

When Roderick, won by that witching spell,

Fame—honour and country lost.

And ever her name is an evil sound,

And her memory hated shall be ;

And woe and dangers that bark surround

That Cava's rock shall see.

Then hasten on for some happier shore ;

Nor that Cape still linger near,

That the Spaniard true, and the infidel Moor,

Alike avoid with fear !

SONG.

THE transient time, for ever past,
How shall I dare review!—
The fatal day we parted last,
And wept our last adieu!
Alas! that day has swell'd to years—
That sorrow to a sea of tears!

I would the mournful thoughts would fly,
Regretted, loved in vain,
Among the dreams of memory
That never come again!—
Would their remembrance might decay,
Swept like the autumn leaves away!

THE INCA.

The first appearance of Manco Capac, first Inca of Peru, and Mama Oella his consort, was on the banks of the lake Titiaca.— They were of majestic stature, and declared themselves children of the Sun, sent to direct his children of earth.

'Tis eve, the sun is sinking in the lake—
The lake, all glorious with his golden beams,
Whose calm clear breast reflects the mountains back
That raise their huge heads to the varied clouds.
The trees and flowers that grow along its banks
Smile in the lucid mirror. Every bough
Is vocal with the song of glittering birds,
Whose plumes are borrow'd from the rainbow's hues ;
No other sound disturbs the silent air,
Although a prostrate nation is around,
Watching the last rays of the setting sun
In solemn and in grateful adoration.

The purple clouds grow deeper, deeper still,
Till the resplendent orb is seen no more ;

But wheré he sunk upon the bright lake's margin
Appear two forms, majestic and erect,
Cloth'd in rich garments, hand in hand.

They come !

Onward they come across the yielding waters,
That give them passage !

Now they reach the shore !

While with glad shouts the people rend the skies—
“ All hail, ye mighty Children of the Sun ! ”

NIGHT, ON THE SEA SHORE.

I HAVE fled from all, and none can now
My way, my wanderings see ;
The waters widely round me flow—
I feel that I am free !

Oh ! who can wish for sunny day,
When they may look on that lovely ray—
On that moon so pure, so clear, and fair,
When no human form is nigh,
When no human voice can startle the air ?
All is silence and secrecy.

No sound but the waters, that, murmuring, move—
No light but the shadowless orb above.
But see ! the shadows are gathering fast—
The clear bright orb is gone :
Alas ! no beauty can ever last,
That e'er I gaze upon !

'The waters that sparkled so bright before
Now moan alone the gloomy shore ;
And all is dark—as the fate will be
That spreads its cheerless path for me !

SPIRIT'S SONG.

'Tis thy Spirit calls thee—come away !
I have sought thee through the weary day,
I have dived in the glassy stream for thee—
I have gone wherever a spirit might be :

In the earth, where di'monds hide,
In the deep, where pearls abide,
In the air, where rainbows, glancing gay,
Smile the tears of the sun away,

I have wandered ; 'mid the starry zone,
Through a world by spirits only known,
Where 'tis bliss to sail in that balmy air ;
But to me 'twas joyless till thou wert there.

I traced the footsteps of the fawn
As it bounded over the dewy lawn ;
For the print it left was so light and fair,
I deem'd thy step had linger'd there.

I heard a sound of melody—
Sad and sweet as thy tender sigh ;
'Twas the night-bird's tone, but it smote my ear,
For I thought thy own soft voice to hear.

I see a form—it is gliding on,
Like a cloud that sails in the sky alone,
And the stars gleam through its veil of white—
Oh ! can it be aught of earth, so bright :
It beckons me on to my airy home—
My own lov'd spirit !—I come ! I come !

TO MY MOTHER.

Yes, I have sung of others' woes,
Until they almost seem'd mine own,
And Fancy oft will scenes disclose
Whose being was in thought alone :

Her magic power I've cherished long,
And yielded to her soothing sway ;
Enchanting is her syren song,
And wild and wond'rous is her way.

But thou—whene'er I think on thee,
Those glittering visions fade away ;
My soul awakes, how tenderly !
To pleasures that can ne'er decay.

There's not an hour of life goes by
But makes thee still more firmly dear ;
My sighs attend upon thy sigh,
My sorrows wait upon thy tear :

For earth has nought so good, so pure,
That may compare with love like thine—
Long as existence shall endure,
Thy star of guiding love shall shine !

O'er other stars dark clouds may lower,
And from our path their light may sever—
They lived to bless us but an hour,
But thine shall live to bless us ever !

LINES.

Ort on that latest star of purest light,
That hovers on the verge of morning gray,
I gaze, and think of eyes that gleam'd as bright,
As fondly linger'd, and yet pass'd away.

While this true heart in every throb can tell
'Tis changeless since the first fond hour we met—
While at thy name it wakes, as to a spell,
I feel 'tis not in nature to forget !

Thou canst not have forgot the tender hour
When we our parting tears together shed ;
Thou canst not have forgot the fading flower
That ask'd thy hand to raise its drooping head.

Thy voice, thy looks, thy sighs, too truly spoke—
Oh ! how could they deceive thyself and me ?
No !—death alone the bond of truth has broke,
And cast oblivion on the world and thee !

SONG.

IN early days thy fondness taught
My soul its endless love to know ;
Thy image waked in every thought,
Nor fear'd my tongue to tell thee so.

In all the trusting faith of youth,
That knows no dread, that feels no care,
I deem'd thy heart was all of truth,
And I the cherish'd object there.

Alas ! the vision'd bliss is gone—
Too soon those days were o'er !
This heart still loves—but loves alone—
Its joys are there no more !

SONG.

OH! had I ne'er beheld thee
How calm my life had flown!
As cold, as pure and tranquil
As some fair vale unknown;

Where never yet the footsteps
Of wand'ring man has stray'd;
That smiles in lonely beauty,
Unheeded—unsurvey'd.

How cheerfully the moments
In sweet content went by,
When sorrow's cloud pass'd swiftly
Across a placid sky:

The charm of peace is broken—
Can nought its dream restore?
That sky, obscured by sadness,
Shall ne'er be cloudless more.

SONG FOR A GERMAN AIR.

FAIR stream of the mountain, brightly flowing
Between thy fresh margins, gay with flowers,
Life's uncertain visions showing ;
Thus, like thy waters glide past the hours.
Oft on thy sunny banks I lie
And mark the waves that glitter by
With fleeting joy and brightness glowing.

Fair stream ! when no more near thee reclining,
I gaze and lament for moments gone—
Cold and silent, past repining—
Still thy clear way thou wilt murmur on :
Still will thy roses bloom anew,
Though I no more their beauty view,
And yonder sun as bright be shining !

EASTERN SONG.

By the brightness of the morning ray,
By the deepest shades of night—
Thy beauty has not pass'd away ;
'Tis ever in my sight.

No sorrow e'er can light on me—
-But when, beloved, we part,
My thoughts are bounded all in thee,
Thou Lote-tree* of my heart.

* " The Lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing," stands in the seventh Heaven, and is the utmost bound, beyond which the angels themselves may not pass, or, as some rather imagine, beyond which no creature's imagination can extend.—KORAN.

LINES.

WHEN this heart is cold and still,
And can throb for thee no more ;
When it wakes not to the thrill
Of the harp's wild chord ;
Nor can e'en afford
A sigh to the days of yore ;

Then come to my silent tomb,
Which the breeze will murmur over :
Where reigns the deepest gloom—
Where the bat flits by
And the ravens cry—
Thou shalt the spot discover.

SONG.

THOU art gone, and the brilliant light that shone
In the track of thy way is fled ;
And thou leav'st the heart that loved thee alone,
Silent, and cold, and dead !

When thy smile arose, like the morning's beam,
All the world seem'd good and bright ;
But 'tis past like the lovely forms of a dream,
And I wake to the gloom of night.

SONG*.

I WILL not ask one glance from thee,
Lest, fondly, I should linger yet,
And all thy scorn and cruelty
In that entrancing glance forget.

I may not, dare not, hear thee speak
In music's most persuasive tone,
Lest the sweet sound to joy awake,
And I forget 'tis sound alone !

* This song is honoured by having been set to some beautiful music by William Linley, Esq.

**HIS INDIAN LOVE TO DIOGO ALVAREZ, ON
HIS DEPARTURE FROM BAHIA⁽⁴⁾.**

WHEN thou stoodst amidst thy countrymen
Our captive and our foe,
What voice of pity was it then
That check'd the fatal blow?

When the name of the mighty 'Man of Fire'
Re-echoed to the sky,
And our chiefs forgot their deadly ire—
Who hail'd thy victory?

What voice like the softest, sweetest note
That rings from the slender white bird's throat,
Has soothed thee so oft to rest?
And thou hast said, so tenderly,
That to sit among willow isles with me
Was to be ever blest!

Oh ! have we not wander'd in silent night
 When the thick dews fell from the weeping bough ;
 And then these eyes, like the stars, were bright—
 But are wet like those mournful branches now.

Like the leafless plant that twines around
 The forest tree so fair and high,
 And when in that withering clasp 'tis bound,
 Leaves the blighted trunk to die,—
 Thy vows round my trusting heart have bound,
 And now thou leav'st me to misery !

* * * * *

Thou wilt not return—thy words are vain !
 Thou wilt cross the deep blue sea ;
 And some dark-eyed maid of thy native Spain
 Will hold thee far from me.

The summer will come, and our willow shore
 Will hear the merman sing ;
 But thou wilt list to his song no more
 When the rocks with his music ring :

He will murmur thy falsehood to every cave—
Or will tell of thy death on the stormy wave.
Ah ! no ; ah ! no ; 'tis of mine he'll tell—
I will weep no more—farewell !—farewell !

Look from thy bark, how I follow afar ;
How I scorn the winds' and the billows' war ;—
I sink ! the waves ring loudly my knell ;
My sorrows are passing—farewell !—farewell !

MIRANDA'S SONG *.

YE elves ! when spangled starlight gleams,
That flit beneath the ray,
Till morning darts her magic beams
And pale night hies away :
Ye know where springs each flow'ret rare,
The sweetest seek for me :
I'll weave a chaplet rich and fair—
My father ! 'tis for thee !

The flow'rs, the trees, the birds appear
To wait but on my call ;
But he whose power has plac'd them here
Is dearer far than all :
My thoughts with tender pleasure rest
On each delight I see ;
But all the love that swells my breast,
My father, is for thee !

* This song was written for ' The Tempest,' to the beautiful air of ' My Mother bids me bind my hair.'

MEDJNOON IN HIS SOLITUDE.

My ev'ry thought and wish was thine ;

Alas ! thou know'st too well—

The ties that bind thy soul and mine,

How lasting need I tell.

Oh ! I have lov'd thee tenderly—

Too dearly love thee still !

I feel that thought can never die—

That wish no time can kill.

The life that spreads before me now

Is one vast wilderness ;

No fairy vales the scene can show

That smile to cheer and bless.

All dreary spreads the frowning waste—

A desert, gloomy, bare ;

The rugged path, when found at last,

Leads on but to despair !

No streams, that cool the parching breeze,
Spring in that desert rude ;
Save those the fainting Arab sees,
That glitter to delude.

Or if some smiling view display'd
Would tempt my hope again,
I know 'tis but an empty shade,
And sigh to feel it vain !

THE PAST.

OH ! how sad the recollection ! in the midst of joy it
springs ;

What a train of faded pleasures that fond idea brings !

All those hours are gone for ever—they were sweet, but
pass'd away

Like the sunny clouds that vanish in the mists of dying
day.

I have number'd all the sorrows this tortured heart has
known ;

I have counted each delight I would ever call my own ;

But the moments are so woven, that the guiding clew is
gone,

And the sorrow and the pleasure have blended into one.

That one—oh ! when we parted, it was glittering in that
tear ;

That one—'twas in the accents that told we both were
dear :

It dwelt in those fond glances, too fleet, too early past ;
It lived in that embrace—the tenderest—the last !

The last ! oh, in that word there are ages of despair !
No summer thought of brightness can dwell untroubled
there ;

Yet my soul was in that moment so fraught with joy and
pain,

And 'tis only recollection can give back that soul again !

SONG.

THOU wert lovely to my sight,
When in yonder dell I found thee
In thy radiant beauty bright,
Though a desert spread around thee ;
Like the heath-bell's purple flower,
Shrinking from a dewy shower.

Thou art rich in beauty yet,
Fair as when at first I loved thee ;
All the snares that could beset,
Rank and splendour, since have proved thee ;
Change thy fortune as it will,
Thou art fair and faultless still.

SONG.

SINCE thou wilt banish me,
A long and last adieu !
This heart shall cherish thee,
Though ne'er those hopes renew
That once thy kindness bade me know,
And now thy falsehood turns to woe.

Since all the joy I've known,
And all the vows you made,
For ever now are flown,
As transient as a shade ;
Oh ! may thy fate as happy be
As that which seemed to shine on me.

Too fondly I relied,
Too easily believed ;
Forgot how men have sigh'd,
And women have deceived—
I thought the world from falsehood free ;
But, least of all, I doubted thee !

SONG.

If those dark eyes have gazed on me,
Unconscious of their power—
The glance in secret ecstasy
I've treasured many an hour.
If that soft voice, a single word
Has breathed for me to hear,
Like Heaven's entrancing airs, the chord
Resounded on my ear.

And yet, alas! too well I knew
That love—or hope—was vain,
The fountain whence delight I drew
Would end in yielding pain!
My folly and my peace at once
A moment could destroy;
It bade me every wish renounce,
And broke my dream of joy.

NOVEMBER FIFTH,

ANNIVERSARY OF THE LOSS OF H. M. S. TWEED.

Oh, what relief to gaze on yonder sky,
Where all is holy, calm, and purely bright !
Within, the sound of mirth and revelry
Startles the timid ear of sober night.

And eyes are bright and silver voices thrill,
As the harp echoes through the glittering hall ;
The jest is there that wakes the laugh at will,
And mirth has cast her fairy spell o'er all.

I turn, fair spirit of light ! where peaceful thou
Art shining in unalter'd majesty ;
The thin clouds float across thy placid brow,
And catch its silver beam in passing by.

To-night !—oh ! on this night—nor many years
Have wasted, since in sad regret and pain,
Upon the wave, the sound of woe, and tears,
And frantic pray'rs arose—arose in vain !

Thy light was shrouded then in deepest gloom ;
On that dark coast no friendly radiance shone
To warn the victims of their gaping tomb—
Despair and death and horror reign'd alone !

Shine on, shine on, thou treacherous planet still ;
Gild with thy beams the now untroubled wave :
Alas ! thou fair and fatal cause of ill,
Thy smiles are lovely—but too late to save !

MEMORY.

JUNE.

THE high grass waves, with varied hues
Of wild flowers glowing 'mid the green ;
The woods have caught a deeper shade,
And darkly skirt the distant scene.

The white-throat sings from every brake,
The blackbird breathes a sweet reply ;
The lark's shrill fairy notes awake
The echoes of his native sky :

The pale wild rose is blushing near ;
And clinging tendrils round it twine,
That throw their gay and graceful wreaths
In many a varied waving line.

There tremble on the slender stem
The barley's rich and bending heads ;
And here the pea, in winged bloom,
Along the air its fragrance sheds.

I cannot smile, though all the scene
Is gay in Nature's brightest guise;
I think on hours that once have been,
And clouds o'er all the landscape rise.

And can no charm that nature knows
The fatal power of grief destroy?
Ah, no! in vain each beauty glows
When mem'ry has no gleam of joy!

SONG.

OH ! long enough my life has been,
Since I thy love have known ;
I would not change the pleasing scene,
And find its beauties flown.

Then let me die, while yet no care
Has reached my trusting breast ;
While sorrow is a stranger there,
And all is joy and rest.

Let me not feel what varied pain
Life's theatre can show—
That all our present hours are vain,
And all our future woe !

SONG.

WHEN others saw thee gay and vain,
And saw my weakness too,—
A willing captive in thy chain,
Nor doubt nor care I knew.
When others saw thy faults too well,
And bade my heart beware,
I linger'd in thy beauty's spell,
And found no danger there.

Even when I saw how false and cold
Thou couldst to others be,
My trusting heart would not be told
Thou wert untrue to me.
Like one whom lovely fruits allure
To death and misery*,
I find my fate admits no cure,
And know the truth—to die!

* See, for a description of the Mançanillo—a tree of South America—Ulloa's Voyage.

TO A FALSE FRIEND.

ADIEU !—'tis past—the dream is over,
And we are friends no more ;
And now my task shall be to smother
Thoughts prized too well before—
That we have ever loved or met,
All, but our parting, to forget.

Thou, the first friend my heart had chosen—
Whose wish, whose hope was mine,
Farewell !—the once warm vows are frozen
That lured my fate to thine :
Each link of that bright chain is gone
That bound our mutual hearts in one.

I will not blame my soul's believing,
That ne'er thy faults could see ;
The error was thy own deceiving,
Not mine, who trusted thee :

This heart can never learn to fear
Deceit in one it holds so dear.

How could I hear, without relying,
Thy lute's wild melody,
Though false as Echo's voice replying
To some lone wand'rer's cry—
Unworthy as the scentless flower,
Whose beauty is its only dower?

Of all the moments since our meeting,
When both seem'd fond and true,
Now thou art cold as they were fleeting,
Be this my last review :
No more—our hearts, our fates must sever,
And I erase thy name for ever !

THE INDIAN CUPID (5).

Who is he that swiftly comes
In the lovely silence of night?—
I know him by his sparkling plumes,
That shine in the clear moonlight;
By the scarlet wings of his soaring bird,
And the ceaseless music round him heard.
I know him by his arrows,
And by his blossom'd bow;
By the forms of radiant beauty that bear,
And softly wave in the perfumed air,
His standard to and fro.

Often and long, on the summer sea,
In the moonlight have I watched for thee—
When the glittering beam was downward thrown,
And each wave with a crest of diamond shone.
I have seen the thin clouds sail along,
And I raised, to welcome thee, many a song;

But long have I lingered, and watch'd in vain,
To see the light of thy starry train
Sweep in beauty across the sky,
To tones of heavenly harmony.

Now I behold thee ! now 'tis the hour—
Yes ! thou art come in thy splendour and power !—
But, no ! the vision is passing on,
The bright forms vanish one by one—
On the desolate shore I am left alone !
Yet stay ! oh, stay !—like lightning they move—
'Too well, by thy fleetness, I know thou art Love !

SONG.

Yes ! I had hope when first we met,
For hope and joy were in thine eye ;
'Twas long before I could forget,
I trusted thee so tenderly.

And even now, though years are flown,
And all that charm'd me then was vain,
I think on happy moments flown,
Until they seem to live again.

But I awake to truth and woe,
And vanish'd is the pleasing dream,
Like the frail shade the moonbeams throw,
Or image in the passing stream*.

* See Frankenstein.

THE TRAVELLER IN AFRICA (6).

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

A Forest. Night.

ALONE, amidst the interminable forest !—
Where shall I seek for aid ! my weary limbs,
Torn by the briars, and wasted with fatigue,
Refuse to bear me further.

Horrid night !

Black, rayless, midnight reigns ; and the thick dew
Distils its baleful drops upon my head.

And, hark ! the topmost branches of the trees,
With dismal moan, now louder and more near,
Shake in the rushing wind ! It comes, it comes !—
The dread tornado !—is there no escape !—
What howl is that, which echoes from afar ?
The frightful yell comes nearer——

Mighty Heaven !

No friendly torch, no watchfire near, to keep
The savage foe at bay !—my cries alone,
My frantic cries of agony, have power
To scare the fell hyena from his prey !

The torrent sweeps along—a swelling river
Rolls, dashes at my feet ! I dare not climb
Yon palm for safety, lest the huge black ants
Fix on and sting me into madness. Ha !
That crash has fell'd the loftiest of the wood,
The stately cotton-tree, that could withstand
A thousand storms ;—whose high, projecting stems,
Twisting in mazy folds impenetrable,
Twin'd with convolvuli and parasites,
Spread their broad barrier, and forbade approach.
'Tis fallen now—its purple blossoms crush'd—
And that stupendous form, which once could yield
A fainting army shelter, is laid low.

I dare not linger—yet I fear to fly.—
I hear the human-monster's piercing howl,
The fierce Ingrena, sporting with the storm,
Like its presiding demon. He approaches—

And, as he comes, he tears the branches down,
And arms himself for slaughter. I am lost !
His wild eyes see me by the lightning's flash—
One moment, and I perish !——Oh, no ! no !
That desp'rate leap has saved me, and the coil
Of the huge Boa holds my shrieking foe !

A thousand deaths surround me—and I yield.—
No more at eve, beneath the ganian's shade,
My brave companions, shall we meet, to tell
Of toils and dangers past : no more recall
The lovely verdure of our native vales,
When, listening to the crown-bird's cheerful note,
So like our own wild wand'ring bird of spring,
That fancy gives us back our homes again.
My lov'd, lost home !—and must I perish here !—
Oh ! were I now amidst the burning sands,
So the bright sun once more might shine on me,
Although in all his scorching fierceness, yet
There might be hope I should escape his beams ;
Or, were I on the brink of some broad river,
Where the gaunt crocodile pursued my steps,
So I had light to view mine enemy,
There might be hope : but here no light can come !

The blast

Bears shouts upon its wings—new terrors still
Come thronging to o'erwhelm me! Gracious Heaven!
Those well-known sounds, those voices! and my name
Echoing through all the forest!—I am saved!—
Here, here, my friends! rush onward, ye are come
In time to see me die!

SONG OF THE CREW OF DIAZ,

ON THE DISCOVERY OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE,
OR CAPE OF STORMS (7).

WHERE no sound was ever heard
But the ocean's hollow roar,
As it breaks, in foamy mountains,
Along the rugged shore ;

Where ev'ry wind of heaven
That has terror on its wings,
Howls to the startled echo
That through each cavern rings :

Upon that world of waters,
Where nought has ever pass'd
But the storm-bird's glittering pinions,
As it whirls amidst the blast—

Where no sail has ever wandered
Beneath that troubled sky,
Frowns the stately Cape of Storms
O'er the drear immensity !

Above whose hoary summit,
Where captive thunders sleep,
Three huge black clouds for ever
Their dreadful station keep.

We have gazed on what no other
Has ever gazed upon—
We have braved the angry spirits,
And our victory is won.

We have conquered all the dangers
Of a yet unfathom'd sea ;
And we bring the prize of glory,
Our country, Spain, to thee !

SONG.

Oh ! that I could forget the grief
Thy coldness taught my heart,
Nor seek the transient, vain relief
Thy presence can impart !

Oh ! that I could for ever fly
The fatal magic of thine eye !—
Or that it had no power on me,
And I might linger, yet be free !

Oh ! hush that soft, that gentle sigh !
Why shouldst thou mourn my fate—
The author of my misery,
Whose pity comes too late ?

Let some harsh word of anger fall,
To chide my sorrow's deep excess ;

That I may hope thou art not all
As faultless as thy looks express :
That it may teach me to resign,
And less deplore thou art not mine !

SYLPH'S SONG.

FLY with me, my mortal love !

Oh ! haste to realms of purer day,
Where we form the morning dew,
And the rainbow's varied hue,
And give the sun each golden ray !

Oh ! stay no more
On this earthly shore,
Where Joy is sick of the senseless crew ;
But taste the bliss we prove,
In the starry plains above,
Queens of the meads of ether blue.

When the moon is riding high,
And trembles in the lake below,—
Then we hover in its ray,
And amid the sparkles play,
While rippling waves of silver flow.
As pure and bright
As that gleaming light :

We watch the eddying circle's bound,
And within those lucid rings
We dip our shining wings,
And scatter showers of radiance round.

When softly falls the summer shower,
Fresh'ning all the earth with green,
From the cup of many a flower,
While the purple shadows lower,
We drink the crystal tears unseen.
Then come away !
No more delay,—
Our joys and our revels haste to share.
Behold, where near thee wait,
As subjects of our state,
The shadowy spirits of the air !

SONG.

'Tis the spot where we parted—

Oh ! never again

Can its breeze or its blossoms

Awake but to pain.

Ah ! as fair is the scene

As it flourish'd before ;

But the ray that gave life

Beams in lustre no more.

Thou art gone—like the rainbow

Departed each hue,

That gleam'd for a moment,

Then fled from the view ;—

I may gaze on the cloud,

The bright shadow pass'd o'er ;

But the light of thy form

Shall enchant me no more.

SONG.

OH ! let thy sorrows pass away—

Waste not in sighs an hour of light ;
Life beams with many a varied ray,
And morning breaks the gloom of night.

That morn, which veil'd in misty grey

On ev'ry flow'ret's lid is sleeping,
Tells of the future glittering day,
And, sadly beauteous, smiles in weeping.

Then let thy tears no more be shed—

The moment past is gone for ever ;
The rose that charm'd an hour, is dead,
And blooms again in beauty never.

LINES.

WHY look'd I on that fatal line ?

Why did I pray that page to see ?

Too well I knew no word of thine

Was fraught with aught but pain to me.

I should have known, I should have thought

The fleeting hope would soon decay !

So oft the gleam of joy it brought

Has only shone to pass away.

Thy hand had traced the words I read ;

And in that dream I wandered on—

Forgot their cherish'd spell was fled,

Thy vows no more—thy fondness gone.

I lived whole years of joy again ;

I dwelt on each recorded vow ;

Oh ! tender was their meaning then—

Alas ! they have no meaning now !

THE ADIEU.

WE part, and thou art mine no more !
I go through seas never sought before,
Where stars unknown to our native skies
Startle the mariner's watchful eyes.
Our bark shall over the waters sweep,
And rouse the children of the deep :
Around us, 'midst the silvery spray,
With glittering scales shall the dolphins play.

When scarcely flutters the snowy sail,
Gently waved by the whispering gale,
I shall gaze in the ocean's liquid glass,
And mark the hidden treasures we pass :
The amber and coral groves that glow
In the sparkling sunbeams that dart below,
Whose lucid and spreading boughs between
Countless fitting forms are seen.

Oh ! could I beneath the billows dive,
And in that world of splendour live !
Were there a cave for thee and me
Beneath that bright and silent sea,
Which waves conceal and rocks surround,
Like that the Island lovers found *.

Strange and solemn was the hour
That saw them reach that secret bower ;—
Some love-lorn seamaid's deep abode,
Or palace of the ocean god.

Long had Hoonga's inmost cells
Echoed to the mournful tone
Of the waves among the shells,
And the winds that feebly moan :
But never to music so sad, so sweet,
As the vows they breathed in that lone retreat.

But, ah ! our bark glides swiftly on,
And my vision of that cave is gone,

* See for an account of the Cavern of Hoonga and romantic history of the lovers, MARINER'S TONGA ISLANDS.

As all the fleeting dreams have flown
That bade me hail thee as my own.
I have looked the last on my native shore—
We part ! and thou art mine no more !

SPANISH SONG.

NAY, Inez, no more persuade ;

Those are sounds that to glory should move :

Ah ! ne'er for a warrior made

Were the garlands thy fondness wove.

Wake !—arouse ! 'tis the battle's roar ;

'Tis its light'ning afar I see !

I return with life no more,

Or, my country, thou shalt be free !

Yet, Inez, in other lands,

When around me war's banners shall stream ;

When rush forth our conquering bands

All radiant with bravery's beam :

Yes—then, midst the battle's roar,

I can still spare one thought for thee ;

But we meet again no more,

Till, my country, thou shalt be free !

SAVOYARD'S SONG*.

NEVER more when the spring returning
Smiles again on Savoy's plains,
Shall my soft lute, as breaks the morning,
Wake timid echo with its strains :
Hours so dear, so brightly gay,
Ye are fled in grief and gloom away !

Wherefore still is memory bringing
Scenes whose charm too well I know ?
There the deer, so lightly springing,
Darts along the drifted snow ;
There the vine, yon heights descending
With its purple clusters bending,
Twines amid the vale below—
That vale my dreams alone can show.
Hours so dear, scenes so gay,
Oh ! ye are fled in gloom away !

* This and the four following Songs are published in *Lyrical Specimens*. The music arranged by Mr. J. Beale.

Fair the flocks that once I tended—
Labour brought its sweet reward ;
When the day of toil was ended,
Blithely sung the Savoyard :
But all those hours, so brightly gay,
Now are fled in gloom away !

SONG.

WHEN all has faded into rest,
And mournful love is waking only—
When moonlight on the lake's wide breast
Is gleaming fair and lonely ;
There is a spirit hovers near,
And round thee in each breeze is sighing :
But ah ! the sigh thou wilt not hear
Is in cold echo dying !

The brightest star that glows above
Throws its pure lustre o'er thy dwelling ;
A tale of beauty and of love
Its soft clear ray is telling.—
Thine eye is full as soft and bright,
Unwary souls of peace bereaving ;
But 'tis a false, uncertain light,
That beams but in deceiving.

SONG.

SWIFTLY o'er the green sea sailing,
Glides my bark to yonder shore ;
Soon its flow'ry valleys hailing,
Winds and waves I'll heed no more.
Where the freshest breeze is swelling,
Over flowers most sweet and fair,
Gleams afar my little dwelling—
Ah ! how soon my soul is there !

With the verdant margin blending,
Sighing low the waters lave ;
And the rose, in fondness bending,
Blushes in the lucid wave :
Music's melting notes are stealing
O'er the pure and perfum'd air,
All those long lost scenes revealing—
Ah ! how soon my soul is there !

ROMANCE.

THE knight in shining steel is clad,
His plume in the wild wind is streaming,
Like a meteor his sword is gleaming ;
His gallant steed hath power and speed,
And his eye with valour is beaming :
To the battle afar he hies,
And, glowing the bright array to see,
Welcome war to my soul, he cries,
Land of my sires ! since I fight for thee !

The sounds of dreadful tumult rise,
And buckler 'gainst buckler is clashing,
With scimeter falchion is flashing—
The glorious knight, amid the fight,
Like a mountain torrent is dashing !
Dealing fate through the ranks he flies,
As though the God of the field were he,—
Welcome strife, still the warrior cries,
Land of my sires ! since I strive for thee !

Subdued the mighty Pagan foe—
In dust is the bright crescent lying,
While the banner of truth is flying.
The day is won!—but ah! the sun
Soon shall set on the dead and the dying!
O'er the field in panic, far and wide,
The hero marks how the vanquish'd flee—
Welcome death to my soul, he cried,
Land of my sires! since I die for thee!

SONG.

WERE all the vows I liv'd to cherish
Breath'd but to charm and then to perish?
They were like the rainbow's greeting,
Tears and smiles together meeting :
Ah ! as lovely and as fleeting—
Fare thee well !

I saw those eyes such softness telling,
And deem'd that truth must there be dwelling.
How could I, when gazing on thee,
Doubt the tender glance that won me,
Fly the spell that has undone me?—
Fare thee well !

No more thy smile or frown can move me,
The grave will be too cold to love thee :

O'er the spot where I am lying
Thou wilt hear the cold wind sighing,
To my last lament replying,
Fare thee well !

WRITTEN AT B——.

ANOTHER year, fair scenes ! has led my steps
Back to your shades again, and fairer now
Ye seem to me than ever.

First I turn
Where yon tall spire gleams white above the trees :
I seek the rustic porch, and pass along
The thick dark avenue of mournful yews.

How many, beautiful and gay, have trod
Beneath your shade, dark boughs, in life's bright bloom,
And after cold and silent to their graves !
The gloom of centuries is spread around ye.

One simple grave attracts me : underneath
The loftiest elm that throws its giant shadow
Beyond the tall stone, there thy bones are laid—
Thou, whose pure soul so little earth had tainted ;—
Whose life was one long day of charity,

Simple and guileless, deeming all as free
From falsehood as thyself! And here she lies,
Whose smiles I loved to greet, and who ne'er looked
Upon me but in kindness:—rest in peace!
Here no intruding foot shall press the sod
Where ye repose, save when some blooming child
Has stray'd into the solitude, and bounds,
With light step, o'er the dwellings of the dead—
Unthinking that perhaps it passes by
The home of one to whom its innocence
Was dear,—till, wearied with its sportive toil,
It rests its glowing cheek upon the turf,
And sleeps in calmness.

ELEGY.

THE sea is deep above thy grave,
And the murmur of the rushing wave
Soothes thee to endless sleep.
The warring winds, with angry yell,
Ring mournfully thy funeral knell,
And wild discordance keep.

Now round thee wakes the hurrying storm,
And the red lightning rends aside
The wat'ry veil that strives to hide
Thy passive form.

The affrighted waves in heaps divide
And close again, as the loud thunder peals—
No eye beholds what that abyss reveals!
A waste of horror, black and drear, is spread

Far o'er the bosom of the troubled main.
Thy grave is calm again,
The dread commotion ceases o'er thy head—
The dark sea onward drives, and peaceful
Sleeps the dead !

SONG.

ERE fortune change, and we become
The victims of its will,
Fly to these arms—thy native home,
And we'll be happy still.
When time steals on with gloomy brow,
And bids those roses fade,
As brilliant as they blossom now
To me they'll seem, sweet maid !

But youth and bloom are still thy own,—
Oh ! spend that youth with me !
A heart where truth has fix'd her throne
Expands to welcome thee.
The heart I give ne'er knew a stain,
'Tis all the wealth that's mine :
Is that a bribe, whose worth may gain
A gem so rich as thine ?

L I N E S.

WE met—and the hour of our meeting is fled :
May thy course be of pleasure, tho' mine be of pain !
Our footsteps may ne'er in that pathway be led,
That may lead to each other again.

How brief was the time !—but how joyous it flew !—
'Twas sunshine alone, not a cloud hover'd there :
Alas ! such bright hours of my life have been few—
I return to my long cherish'd care.

My form and my name will soon fade from thy mind,
Tho' the scenes where we met in thy mem'ry may be ;
But no place in my thought will those images find,
Except to remind me of thee.

ON HEARING OF THE CHANGE A SHORT TIME HAD MADE
IN A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

ART thou so chang'd ! so lovely as thou wert
When last I saw thee—lovely, though in sadness ;
Those eyes so bright, amidst their melancholy,
Beaming with sweet intelligence ; that form,
Graceful and full of majesty, that moved
As the tall palm bows to the sighing breeze !

Often, when gazing only to admire thee,
I've mark'd the traces that late tears had left ;
But sorrow seem'd in thee so beautiful,
None could have wish'd it banish'd from thy brow.

Ah ! like a canker, it has fed upon
The beauteous flow'r that cherish'd it too long,
And, leaf by leaf, the blossom has decay'd !

Beauty was fatal to thee, and it flies,
Like all in whom thy trust reposed :—'tis gone !—
Love, beauty, joy, are fled away for ever ;
Sorrow still lingers on, and reigns alone !

ON A PICTURE OF CUPID RESTING ON HIS BOW AND
GAZING IN A STREAM.

Thy bow unstrung, thy beaming eyes
Fix'd on the sparkling waves below,
That, trembling in their glad surprise,
In softer, sweeter, murmurs flow :
Upon the margin of the stream
Thou standest, lost in fancy's dream,
And wondering at the lovely shade
Thy own enchanting form has made.

And hast thou never known till now
The radiance of that heavenly brow ?—
Nor deem'd, until reflected there,
The form that charms the world was fair ?

Narcissus-like, thy fairer face,
Thy bending form's celestial grace,

Chains thee, enamour'd, to the spot—
Thy victims and thy sway forgot !

Oh ! wake not from that vision's power !
Still rooted, bloom !—a lovely flower :
And let oblivion's veil be spread
O'er bosoms that too long have bled !
As fair, as fix'd, for ever be ;—
Gaze on, and let the world be free !

**SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG BY THE WIFE OF A JAPANESE
WHO HAD BEEN TAKEN BY THE RUSSIANS TO THEIR
COUNTRY.**

I LOOK through the mist and I see thee not—
Are thy home and thy love so soon forgot?
Sadly closes the weary day,
And still thy bark is far away.

The tent is ready, the mats are spread,
The saranna* is pluck'd for thee:
Alas! what fate has thy baidare led
So far from thy home and me!
Has my bower no longer charms for thee?
Where the purple jessamines twine
Round the stately spreading cedar tree,
And rest in its arms so tenderly—
As I have reposed in thine.

* See Notes.

In vain have I found the sea-parrot's nest,
And robb'd of its plumes her glittering breast,
Thy mantle with varied hues to adorn—
Thou hast left me watchful and forlorn !

Dost thou roam amidst the eagle flocks,
Whose aerie is in the highest rocks ?
Dost thou seek the fox in his hiding place ?
Or hold the beaver in weary chase ?
Dost thou seek, beneath the foaming tide,
Where the precious red pearls hide ?

Return ! the evening mist is chill,
And sad is my watch on the lonely hill.
Return ! the night wind is cold on my brow,
And my heart is as cold and desolate now :—
Alas ! I await thee and hope in vain,
I shall never behold thy return again !

* * * * *

She stood on the beach all the starless night,
But nought appear'd to her eager sight ;

No bark on its bosom the ocean bore,
And he she loved return'd no more.
For the strangers came from the icy north,
And their words and their gifts had won him forth;
Their ship sail'd far from his native bay,
And it bore him to other regions away.

THE PALACE OF THE CAPPELLETTI.

“ Where Juliet at the mask
Saw her loved Montague, and now sleeps by him.”

ROGERS' ITALY.

THE palace is a ruin ; round the walls
The ivy hangs its venerable wreaths,
And birds of night flit through the lonely arches
That echoed once with music.

Of those halls

Where the gay maskers fled like shadows by,
In many a strange fantastic shape, and all
Was mirth and splendour, a few stones remain !
The marble pillars twined with perfum'd flowers,
From whose propitious shade the unbidden guest
Gazed on the daughter of his enemy.
She, thoughtless who that palmer's robe conceal'd,
“ *Too early saw unknown, and knew too late !*”
Where are they now ?—The morning mist may trace

To Fancy's eye their visionary forms ;
But day arises—they are there no more.

Unhallow'd steps have trod the garden's bounds ;
The meanest peasant of Verona strays,
Regardless where the youthful lovers met ;
When the cold, silent moon look'd sadly down
On all the fatal vows they breath'd that night.

The pomp of Montagues and Capulets
Is faded in oblivion, and their names
Had passed away with time long since no more ;
But they are made immortal by their victims.

There is a broken tomb that, legends say,
Once held their ashes :—years will come and vanish,
And not a vestige will be left of them ;
Yet they have endless life and endless fame
Through him who told their sorrows.

FROM METASTASIO.

Dal suo gentil sembiante, &c.

'Twas from thy beauty first arose
My earliest love to thee;
And changeless, till my life shall close,
My constancy shall be.

Though beauty brighter than thine own,
To me a thought incline,
I know no joy but thee alone—
I see no charms but thine.

FROM THE SAME.

Altro solievo non resta, &c.

ONE only pleasure fate bestows
On hearts condemn'd to sever—
'Tis when they meet to mourn their woes
Before they part for ever ;

With mutual tears recall the days
No future will renew ;
Sadly return each tender gaze,
And sigh their last adieu !

FROM THE SAME.

Io lo so, che il bel sembiante, &c.

Too well I know her beauty's power,
Too well its fruits I know ;
We met—and from that fatal hour
My life has all been woe.

Too well I know—and ev'ry vale,
Each cave and desert grove,
From me have learnt the mournful tale,
And sigh the name I love.

FROM THE SAME.

L' onda che mormora, &c.

THE wave that murmurs from shore to shore,
The breeze that trembles on leaf and tree—
That lingers awhile and returns no more,
Is less inconstant than thou to me!

And yet this foolish and erring heart
Withers in endless sorrow and pain ;
And, though I know how fickle thou art,
Bids me still trust in a hope so vain.

FROM METASTASIO.

*È la fede degli amanti,
Come l' Araba fenice, &c.*

THE faith that lovers boast their own
Is like the Arabian bird ;
For while to none its form is known,
By all its fame is heard.

Go—from its ashes bid it rise
Immortal to my view,
And know the changeless faith you prize
Shall be immortal too.

FROM THE SAME.

Mi lagnerò tacendo, &c.

IN silent and in sad regret,
My life shall pass away ;
But bid me not my love forget—
Oh ! how can I obey ?

Wilt thou the only hope destroy
That still survives for me ?
The lonely, miserable joy
Of perishing for thee ?

FROM TASSO'S AMINTA.

Picciola e l' ape, &c.

THE golden bee, whose summer hours
Are passed amidst the blushing flowers,
Though small his size, though weak his wing,
Has power and torture in his sting :
Even such is love, for small the space
He asks to give him ample place.

Now in the shade thine eyelids give;
Now in thy waving golden hair;
Now in the dimpled smiles that live
Upon that cheek so soft and fair—
Conceal'd, he there has room to dwell;
And ah ! his power I know too well !

FROM METASTASIO.

Nella face che risplende, &c.

ON the bright taper's trembling ray,
The infant gazes with delight;
And fondly hopes to bear away
The splendid beam that charms his sight :

In vain he strives with eager clasp,
To make the glittering prize his own ;
The treach'rous flame eludes his grasp,
And, flying, leaves him pain alone.

FROM THE SAME.

GRATITUDE.

Benchè di senso privo
Fin l' arboscello è grato, &c.

THE willow tow'rds the silver tide
Bends gratefully her boughs, to greet
The cooling waves that softly glide,
And lave the turf around her feet.

How gladly, when he seeks her aid
To shield him from the scorching ray,
She spreads her branches for his shade,
The long remember'd debt to pay!

IMITATED FROM TASSO'S AMINTA.

"How canst thou say it gives thee joy
Midst rural shades to rove,
Since, in those scenes, the sole employ
Of all thou see'st is love?

The willows bend their pensive boughs,
And meet with every wind ;
Her wreaths the graceful ivy throws,
The willing elm to bind.

Hadst thou a heart, where love could dwell
Without distrust or fear,
The sighs their tender joy that tell
Thou couldst not fail to hear."—

She answered, and her scornful eyes
She coldly turn'd away—
"*When I have heard their tender sighs,*
I'll yield to what you say."

THE FIRST DISCOVERY OF COLUMBUS(8).

“ THE howling winds forbid us to trust the fatal main,
Oh, turn our wand’ring vessel to harbour once again !
Why to this ‘ bold Italian’ our lives, our hopes confide ?
No golden land awaits us beyond the shoreless tide.
How long shall he deceive us with boasting, vain and
 loud ?
And when we gaze for land he can show us but a cloud !”

The gallant leader heard ; but he listened undismay’d,
Though he saw their furious glances, and their daggers
 half display’d ;
No fear was in his soul—but his heart was wrung with
 woe—
Shall he quail before their murmurs, and his glorious
 meed forego ?
Had he braved the ocean’s terrors in tempest and in
 night—
And shall he furl his sails with the promised goal in sight ?

106 THE FIRST DISCOVERY OF COLUMBUS.

For he look'd tow'rd the horizon and mark'd the setting
sun ;

And by its ruddy light he knew his toil was done.

'Twas in the deepest midnight, as they cut the yielding
wave,

When not a star was shining to guide them, or to save—
As in awful, hopeless, silence their onward course they
steer,

Far in the murky distance—lo ! glimmering lights ap-
pear !

In breathless joy and wonder they watch the opening sky ;
And with the morning rises their rapturous certainty :
Through the silvery vapour gleaming extends the wel-
come strand,

And trees, and rocks, and mountains, before their view
expand :

They breast the foaming surges, and shouting leap to
shore,

While every echo answers, " God, and Saint Salvador !"

LAMENT OF AN ASHANTEE WARRIOR,

CONDEMNED TO DEATH AS A SACRIFICE TO
THEIR GODS (9).

WHEN the King held his sacred revelry,
Who among the train was greater than I?
Whose golden bow could brighter shine—
Whose eagle plume was prouder than mine?

And when the nations rose,
And the battle-sound was high,
What trumpet 'midst the foes
First raised the conquering cry?

My power, my courage, each foeman knew;
No spear more swift, no sword more true!
And is this the meed the brave should claim—
Is this the end of a life of fame?

Yes!—I am old, my power is o'er,
And the deeds of my youth are remembered no more:
I can lead no longer to victory—
I am worthless, feeble, and fit to die!

I sat by the sacred river's side,
 And heard the sound of its gentle tide,
 As it dashed on the shore with lively din,
 Where the mangroves dip their boughs within.

Countless birds on that island dwell,
 With black and glittering wings ;
 And one, whose note has the softest swell,
 Chaining the soul in its powerful spell,
 So mournfully he sings.

The green-doves murmur'd as I lay,
 And the parrot's plumes in the sun were gay.
 But, while I lingered, the waves arose,
 And darkness was in the sky ;
 The river heaved with troubled throes,
 And the wind moaned fearfully.

I saw in the stream, so dark and clear,
 The mighty of the deep* ;
 And I knew my fated hour was near,
 When he roused him from his sleep.
 Slow in the river's depth he passed,
 And I knew my time was ebbing fast.

* The Hippopotamus.

I heard the spirits' funeral song,
As the frightened waters rushed along;
I knew that death was in the knell,
And I bade to lengthened days farewell.

But I thought to perish like the brave,
As my fathers had before;
I thought to fill a glorious grave,
And none be honoured more!

My spirit in the forest's gloom
Shall wander many a night,
And fill the Indians, as they roam
Onwards to their welcome home,
With sorrow and affright.

They will say, "Why wanders the restless shade?
At the chieftain's death was no offering made?
His name was spread afar,
He was unsubdued in war;
He should have had a glorious train
To bear him to his bright domain.
Why does the hero's spirit stay
To trouble us on our dreary way?"

110 LAMENT OF AN ASHANTEE WARRIOR.

No lament there shall be, no funeral rite,—
I shall fall like the lightning that mocks the sight.
My children shall gaze and ask the trace
Of him who was first in power and place:
None shall point out the warrior's grave—
I shall die like a felon and a slave!

COMPLAINT OF AMANIEU DES ESCAS,

A CATALONIAN TROUBADOUR, WHO FLOURISHED ABOUT
THE END OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY, UNDER
JAMES II. KING OF ARRAGON.

WHEN thou shalt ask why round thee, sighing,
My mournful friends appear,
They'll tell thee Amanieu is dying,
And thou wilt smile to hear.
They will reproach thee with my fate;—
Yet, why should they deplore !
Since death is better than the hate
I suffer evermore.

Why chid'st thou that in pensive numbers
I dared my love to own ?
The kiss we give to one that slumbers
Is never felt or known.
And long I strove my thoughts to hide,
Nor would my weakness show ;
With secret care I should have died,—
I can but perish now !

Oh! once I smil'd, in proud derision,

At love and all its pain :

The woe of others seems a vision,

Our own the truth too plain !

May'st thou yet feel the chilling void

My soul has known too long !—

When this brief life, thy scorn destroyed,

Is ended with my song !

LA PARTENZA.

FROM METASTASIO.

ALAS! the fatal hour is come,—
The hour of fate to me!
How shall I live?—where seek a home?—
So far removed from thee!
My life will pass in ceaseless sighs,
Till its last throb be o'er;
While ah! perhaps the heart I prize
Remembers me no more!

Still will my hopes be wandering,
The vanished peace to find
Of those fond hours, whose rapid wing
Has left no trace behind.
In every place—where'er thou art,
My tend'rest thoughts shall soar;
While ah! perhaps thy changeful heart
Remembers me no more!

When each sad morn my weary way
I seek, remote and drear,
And ask each rock and cavern gray
For her who cannot hear,
Still shall I breathe a sigh to thee
From many a distant shore ;
While thou, perhaps, content wilt be,
Rememb'ring me no more !

How fondly will my mem'ry rest
On hill, and vale, and grove,
Where every hour of life was blest—
For all were pass'd in love !
But ah ! those scenes of happiness
I knew but to deplore ;
Whilst thou, perhaps, may'st prize them less,
Rememb'ring me no more !

“ There,”—shall I dream—“ by yonder wave,
Her frowns first caused me pain ;
And here, in sign of peace, she gave
Her gentle hand again !—

"Twas here the breeze my earliest sighs
Upon its bosom bore."—
But thou, perhaps, canst all despise,
Rememb'ring me no more !

Oh ! think, the gloomy shades among,
How hopelessly I mourn !
Oh ! think how I have loved thee long,
And loved without return !
Think on the hour that bids us part—
My life, my peace, restore !
Let me not fear thy changeful heart
Remembers me no more !

THE RETURN OF THE INDIANS TO NIAGARA.

MY faithful love ! we'll onward roam,
And seek together our forest home :
No more the stranger's roof to see,
In our woods—on our rivers we are free.
They cannot lure the Indian to stay
From his woods and his rivers long away.

The stranger's halls may yield him bliss,
But can they compare to a sky like this ?
The stranger may feast in his gaudy bowers,
But his banquet is not so sweet as ours ;
And gold and jewels may round him shine,
But can they compare with riches like mine—
My wide domains of mountain and grove,
My joys with thee of freedom and love ?

Lake Erie is near, and the Rapids clear
Will guide us on our way,
Until they rush, with sparkling gush,
Where wild Ontario's waters play.

The ravens are hovering for their food,
For fatal to the finny brood
Is the dash of the Rapid's spray;
They lie on the shore, and their colours bright
Flash for awhile in the sunny light,
Then fade in death away.

The evening sun its parting glance
Has left on rock and tree,
And lo! the shadowy mists advance!—
And they move—how rapidly!

Ha! 'tis not evening's misty dew
That spreads in clouds on high;
Those wreaths of snowy foam defy
The might of time, of earth and sky,—
The stately Falls burst on my view
In all their majesty!

Now down the dizzy steep we go,
Where the stunning waters flow
Over rocks, whose heads are seen
The overwhelming waves between;—
Scarcely the eye may mark the height
From whence they pour with resistless might!

Let us fly from the deaf'ning sound,
Whose thunder shakes the trembling ground;
Midst the terror of that ceaseless din,
Is there no spot to shelter in?

Methinks, through the roar so wild and high,
Silver voices in whispers sigh,
And across the foam of that rushing tide
Shadowless forms appear to glide.
There, where the rainbow loves to play
In vanishing hues along the spray,
Their glittering wings the Spirits wave,
And beckon us to their wat'ry cave:—
They know from the stranger's land we come,
And they hasten to welcome the Indians home.

THE WANDERERS IN THE POLAR SEA*.

THE moon is high, with every star,
And a sky of deepest blue,—
The dazzling wildfire shoots afar
Its sparks of varied hue,
And darts, like a gilded snake, along
The vivid and glittering clouds among.
Not a wave but glows with the magic light,
And reflects on its bosom another night—
A night of radiant majesty,
The daughter of the polar sky.

'Midst boundless plains of ice we lie,
In the regions of endless frost,
Over flattering hope's decay to sigh—
Over hopes and wishes crost !

* See Captain Lyon's beautiful and affecting Narrative of an unsuccessful attempt to reach Repulse Bay.

'Tis morn!—the vapours slowly glide,
 And spread their wings on every side;
 Their breath on all around they throw,
 And icy spires and columns grow:
 Swiftly the wreathing lines extend,
 And from every cord the sprays depend.
 When the sparkling sun leads on the day,
 And melts those veils of mist away,
 Still, in clinging fondness, lingers
 The glittering work of their fairy fingers,
 And our storm-beat vessel we behold
 Spangled and strew'd with gems and gold,
 That gleam and vanish one by one,
 Till all—like our hopes and joys—are gone!
 We gaze once more on the dreary way
 That frowns before us each rising day,
 And shudder—chill'd in soul—to know
 We sail *alone* through this realm of snow!—
 That not a sound can wake the air
 But the groan of the coming storm,
 Or the sullen growl of the startled bear
 As he rears his grisly form
 From the icy throne, where, in wait for prey,
 Like the demon of the clime he lay.

Our anchors are whelm'd in the angry tide,

Our masts the storm has riven,—

We wander on, without help or guide,

By winds and waters driven ;

And every gust that hurries by

Sounds like a spirit's warning cry,

That tells us our latest hope is o'er,

And we may return to our homes no more !

Honour and Fame ! is this the end

Your visions taught my mind,

When I left each tender, weeping friend,

And every tie behind ?

'Though icy deserts and storms be past,

Must we perish 'midst ice and storms at last !

Ha ! the rapid current drives

Our vessel on its course !

Powerless—all in vain—she strives

To battle with its force.

Hark ! the deaf'ning surges roar,

And the eddy whirls us on

To that sad and gloomy shore

Where worldly toils are done—

Where the hospitable deep
Will yield us rest and dreamless sleep!

Dash'd along from rock to rock,
Trembling to the deadly shock—
Every element our foe—
Nerveless and desolate,
Through clouds of boiling foam we go,
Abandoned to our fate!

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* * * *

No!—we are saved!

Behold where, cloth'd in light,
The broad Atlantic spreads before our sight!—
Escaped the shoals yon treacherous billows hide,
Safe on her breast our shattered bark may ride:
Hail, glorious Ocean! to thy arms we come—
Oh bear thy wanderers to their southern home!

CHAUCER'S TALE OF THE FALCON, TO
CANACE.

SQUIRE'S TALE.

My birth was happy, and in joy I grew,
My early hours no fear, no sorrow knew ;
My bed was in a rock of marble grey,
And tranquilly and sweetly pass'd each day ;
Till my broad wing had learnt to pierce the sky,
I knew not, even in thought, adversity.

Near my untroubled home a Tercelet dwelt,
Whose specious worth my heart too deeply felt :
His faults were veil'd from my deluded eyes,
For he was fraught with falsehood and disguise.
His mien was gentle, humble was his look,
And truth I heard in every word he spoke :

So full of tender care, so fair, so plain—
 Oh ! who that heard would deem that he could feign !
 But, as beneath bright flow'rs the serpent lies
 With ready spring his victim to surprise ;
 Or as a costly tomb, with glittering show,
 Conceals the ghastly, livid, form below :
 Thus was he clothed in virtue's brightest hue—
 The truest seeming—and the most untrue !

In deep deceit, so potent was his skill,
 None knew his purpose, save the powers of ill !
 And many a year with prayers and vows he strove,
 Ere yet I listened to his feigning love ;
 Until my heart, where too much pity dwelt,
 Thoughtless of evil it had never felt,
 Trembling with tender fear to see him die—
 Betray'd, alas ! by fond simplicity,
 At length, its coldness and its pride resigned,
 For one as fickle as the summer wind ;
 For one whose loss I live but to deplore—
 Too soon who wandered to return no more !

Oh ! how may truth perceive the depths of guile ?
 Or see destruction in a lover's smile,

Whose pleading sadness one brief word might
cheer—

Who seem'd so constant, and who *was* so dear !

Not gentle Troilus, who for Cressid sigh'd,
Not he of Troy for Menelaus' bride,—
Not Jason seem'd more true !

Ah me ! yet never

Since Lamech—he in love the first deceiver :
Oh ! not from earliest time might ever be
One so forsworn—so deeply false as he !
'Twas Heaven to listen to that magic tone
That made the charmed, willing, soul his own ;
To see, to hear, to cherish him as true,
And dream of virtues that he never knew !
I wander'd in that vision, and so far
He was my light, my only guiding star.
The smallest pain that to his breast was known,
My bosom felt more keenly than his own :
My firm, unwav'ring truth no change could move,
Nor ought that e'er was mine, except his love.

At last hard fortune, envious of my joy,
And watchful all my pleasures to destroy,

Ordain'd that we should part. How shall I find
 Words sad enough to speak what grief of mind
 That parting gave me?—Death ! I know thy power,
 And felt its bitterness that wretched hour !

Oh ! when we bade our fatal, fond, adieu ;
 And when I mark'd his cheek's fast fading hue—
 I check'd my tears, and hush'd each struggling sigh,
 Lest I should wake anew his misery.
 Heaven heard my constant vows, that Death alone
 Should claim from him the heart so much his own.
 But why should I his tender answer tell ?
 None can be falser—none can speak so well !
 Who meets a fiend and would not be his prey,
 Has need of arts and spells to guard his way.

He went, amidst the busy world to try
 What man seeks evermore—variety.
 Ah ! why, ungrateful, wretched, human kind,
 For distant hopes leave present joys behind ?
 Even as a captive bird, though fed with care,
 Shielded from summer sun and wintry air,
 Fostered with all that dotage can bestow,
 Amidst these splendours pines with secret woe ;

And should the gilded portal open lie,
Speeds swiftly to the woods and liberty :
There toils he for his food, yet sweetly sings,
Nor heeds the labour for the change it brings.
Even so he fled ; and from that fatal day
Another charms him from my sight to stay ;
Another sways the heart I ruled before—
He loves another, and I hope no more !

SAINT ALDHELM (10).

**FRAGMENT OF A LEGEND FOUND AMONG THE RUINS, ON
CLEARING THE ABBEY-CHURCH OF MALMESBURY, WILTS.**

THE waves pour over their rocky bed,
And foam in the stream below ;
The moon her glittering light has spread
On the waters as they flow
By the Abbey's walls that tower so high—
Where, musing on the fate
Of man, his toils and vanity,
The saintly Aldhelm sat.

He pray'd, as he look'd on the sky of night,
And mark'd the glorious ray
That rested, clear and calm and bright,
On all that beneath him lay,
That man might see by as pure a light
The error of his way.

“ And, oh !” he cried, “ that I had power
To charm from sin and pride
Those who prize the present hour,
And have no thought beside.
Thou, Lord, hast given me soul and sense—
Oh ! were they given in vain ?
Was I not bless'd with eloquence
Thy people's hearts to gain ?
Alas ! though my words their minds have chain'd
Awhile in hope or dread ;
Like the sun-beam that my robe sustain'd
The transient spell has fled :
A few brief hours was their sin restrain'd ;
Then back, uncurb'd, they sped.
To me is known full many a lay
The wand'ring minstrel sings ;
And I might lure them, thence, to stay
And list of heavenly things.
Then come, my harp, whose chords so long
Have swell'd for Heaven alone,
And now to some unwonted song
Awake thy thrilling tone.
And lie thou there, my gown of gray,
That long my garb hast been ;

For I must seem a harper gay,
And wear a harper's mien."

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And many a peasant on his way,
And many a knight he lured to stay
With the magic of his song.
And of those who heard his charmed strain
None return'd to their homes again—
But their hearts with faith were strong.

And some took up the holy weeds,
And left the world for Heaven;
And some their crimes by righteous deeds
Atoned, and are forgiven.
And many through Aldhelm's pious care
Are reigning as saints above—
He lived a life of ceaseless prayer,
Of holiness, and love.

King Athelstan that man of peace
As his saintly guardian chose,
And bade in wealth the church increase
Where his sacred bones repose.
Where the altar rears its front to God,
King Athelstan is laid;
And their souls are join'd in that blest abode,
Where both are immortal made.

LINES

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER, AT BREMHILL, WILTS, THE
RESIDENCE OF THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

SWEET Bremhill ! when last in thy gardens I stray'd,
Thy trees were all green and thy skies were all bright ;
The spray of thy fountain 'midst roses that play'd,
Reflected their colours and glittered with light.

Yet, Bremhill, though lost is the pride of thy flowers ;
Though thy roses are faded, thy leaves swept away—
As gaily and sweetly have lingered the hours
As when they were bright in the sunshine of May.

Thy mistress still smiles, and thy poet still sings—
Here the wise find their peer—here the poor find their
friend :

Then, Bremhill, I mourn not that summer has wings,
Since thou hast a charm that no winter can end !

L I N E S.

I ASK thee not for looks that tell

Of fondest love; nor may I dare

On those melodious notes to dwell,

And hope that tenderness is there.

I see thee pensive—but I gaze

In vain, nor claim one tender sigh ;

Nor when the tear thine eye betrays,

Deem that it mourns my misery.

I see thee gay—but never deem

The ceaseless charms that round thee play

To me can be but as a dream,

That came in light and pass'd away :

Yet let me one sole boon implore,

When happier others fondly sue,

Although their vows may please thee more,

Believe—believe that mine are true !

ESQUIMAUX SONG.

WITH thee I chased the bounding deer,
As it fled along the snow;
Over plains of ice, though dark and drear,
'Twas pleasant with thee to go.
With thee, in our fleeting summer days
I've wandered for many an hour,
When the wild bee in the sunny rays
Was glitt'ring on every flower.

How often I've sail'd in thy light canoe
That every storm could brave;
And thy spear has struck the finny foe,
The king of the icy wave.
What arrow can match thy arrow's flight,
Or ever its course pursue?
What eye like thine is so soft and bright?
What bosom is half so true?

ESQUIMAUX INCANTATION.

By the bones of the dead
That whirl in the blast,
When the white bear has fled
From his fearful repast ;
By the spirits that hover
And shriek in the air,
When the hunters discover
The wolf in his lair ;
By the wind of the north
That bears death on his breast—
We charge thee—come forth
From the cave of thy rest !

By the regions of woe
Where the demons remain ;
By the soul of each foe
That our warriors have slain ;
By the mists that surround us
With darkness and pain ;

By the ice that has bound us
On mountain and plain ;
By the wind of the north
That bears death on his breast—
We charge thee—come forth
From the cave of thy rest !

SONG.

FROM FLORIAN.

PRETTY Jeannette, the time has been
When thou of the dance wert the blithesome queen,
When thy laugh the gayest of all we knew,
But now thou art sad, and silent too !

“ Ah ! then there was one in the dance with me,
And none was so merry—so kind as he :
But in vain for him now may I wait every day,—
And I care not for any, now he is away ! ”

Pretty Jeannette, thou art fair and young,—
There are gentle swains these shades among ;
Let the cloud pass over, and tears be o'er,—
Choose one of our number, and sigh no more !

“ Ah, no ! though the lord of these vales were one,
My heart would still follow the youth that's gone :
Love chooses but once, and I yield to his sway,—
And I care not for any, now he is away ! ”

COLABAH ⁽¹¹⁾,

THE CAMEL-SEEKER.

“RETURN! return! where dost thou stray—

Where hide thee from my sight?

I have wandered all the burning day,

And through the shades of night:—

Amidst the Winding Sands I go,

And call to thee in vain;

And see before me, rising slow,

The ‘vapour of the plain.’

As I hopeless tread, with eager haste,

Along the wild and scorching waste,

The purple haze comes on:

Around upon the air it flings

Destruction from its rainbow wings,

And warns me to be gone.

My faithless favourite ! ah why
Led'st thou thy master here to die !
Among my children was thy place,
Whose tears thy loss deplore :—
Though thou hadst been of heavenly race,
We had not prized thee more ;—
Though thou wert stately, pure, and fair,
As she who came at Saleh's prayer.

Methinks I hear the warning cry
Of Dûma in the air,
Who calls upon me sullenly—
' Thy hour is nigh,—prepare ! ' ”

Thus Colabah, the Arab, strayed,
With toil and grief opprest,
Till, 'midst a cavern's awful shade
He cast him down to rest,
And to the Desert Spirit prayed
That his visions might be blest :
He lay in slumber heavy and deep,
And a dream came over his troubled sleep.

He thought in the cavern's murky gloom
A single ray was shed,
Like the light that glimmers in a tomb
Beside the unconscious dead :
And by that dim, uncertain light
He traced a vaulted way,
That frown'd in the dismal hues of night,
While all beyond was day ;
And there, 'midst skies of purest blue,
Were shadows and shapes of things—
But he could not mark their form or hue,
For the flashing of golden wings ;
And voices sounded in melody,
But he knew not what they sung,
For even the breeze of that lovely sky
With answering music rung.

He started from that fairy dream,
And gazed through the gloom around ;—
Behold ! 'tis there, the lonely gleam,—
And, hark ! 'tis the magic sound !
It beckons to yonder land of light,
That spreads before his eager sight !

But all the glories who may tell,
That favour'd Arab that befell?
As he roved through Iram's radiant bowers,
'Midst glowing fruits and perfumed flowers;
By a stream of liquid pearl, whose bed
Of musk with emeralds was spread,
And rubies, whose unclouded light
Made the sparkling tide more bright;
By whose banks, of varied hue,
Trees, whose leaves were jewels, grew;
And the bells of gold that amidst them hung
On the wakening breeze soft music flung;
And lovely forms were flitting by,
Like scattered pearls so fair,
But the lustre of each large black eye
Met his gaze unconsciously,
Nor mark'd as Colabah drew nigh:
And all he look'd on there,
Though bright, and glowing, and rich it gleam'd,
Was but the shadow of what it seem'd.

To him the stream was as the land—
The flowers, the fruit, shrunk from his hand,

Nor aught opposed his way;
 But while he lingered in rapt surprise,
 The hues grew pale to his dazzled eyes,
 And all was silvery gray :
 The forms were dim—and, one by one,
 They faded, till each trace was gone ;
 And where that lovely land had been,
 The waste of the Winding Sands was seen !
 And Colabah with joy descried
 His wandering camel by his side.

* * * * *
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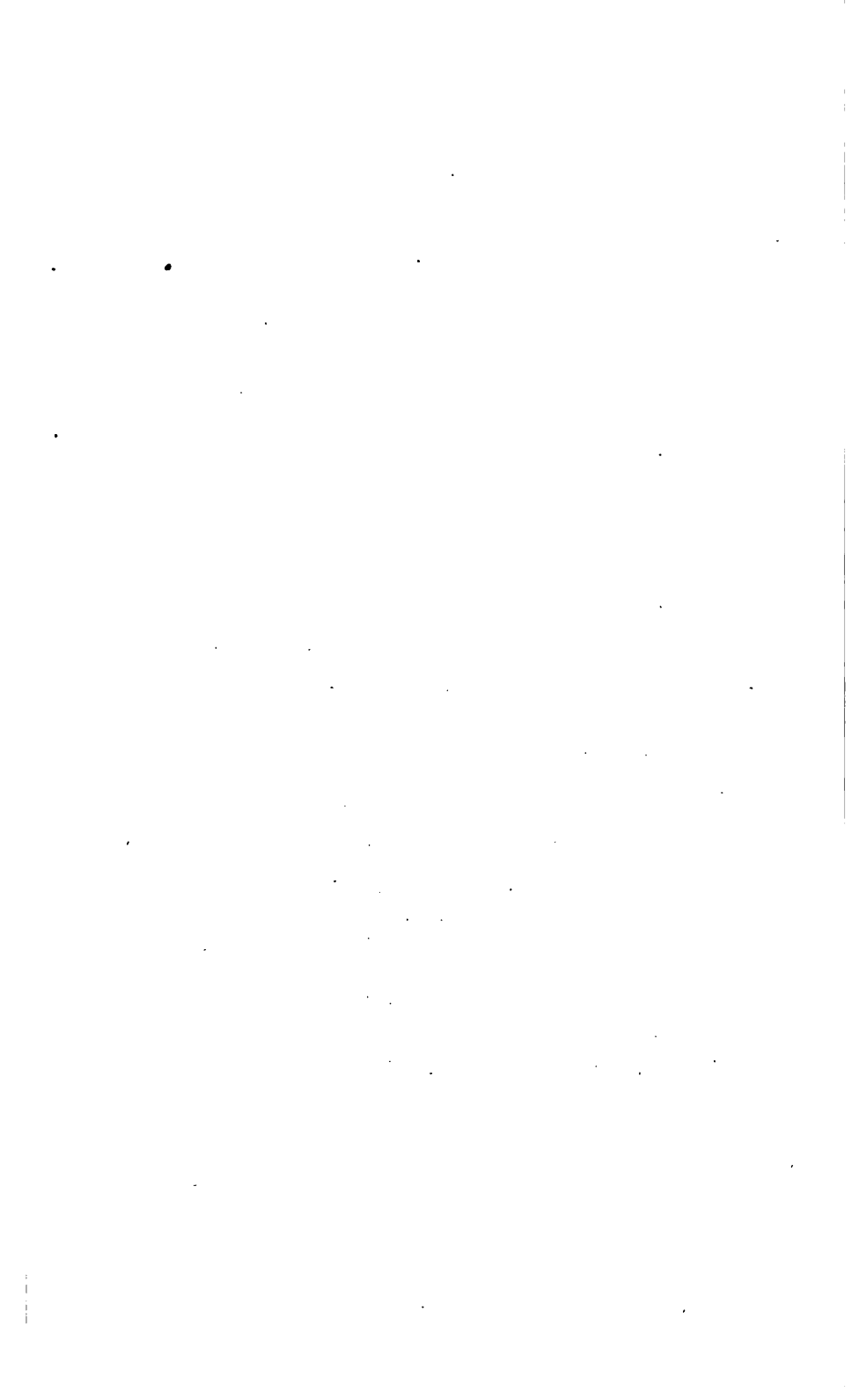
Oft, since that time, at the pensive hour,
 When slowly waned the day,
 And in worship of the Prince of Power
 The prostrate shadows lay,
 The Arab told, in Shedâd's bowers
 The wonders that befell ;—
 How soft the tints of Iram's flowers,—
 How fair the maids who dwell
 In those eternal groves of light :
 Pure as Zohara's eyes of night,

When on the erring sons of Heaven
They shot a mournful ray,
That told their crime was unforgiven—
Then fled from their gaze away :
Leaving the earth, they dared prefer
A ray of the Paradise lost for her !

LINES.

SAY not my years too few have been
To learn the world's deceit,—
That seldom, in life's varied scene,
May youth and sorrow meet :
Will sorrow be content to sleep
Till time has roused its power?—
Is there *a date* to learn to weep—
Comes it not every hour?

The fatal word by fate impress'd
On childhood's tender page,
Chides every joy of youth to rest,
And leaves a life of age.
And though a momentary light
Might sparkle from my eye,
'Twas but the meteor of a night—
No native of the sky !



NOTES.

Note 1.—Page 1.

“There are numerous wooded islands in the Uruguay river, consisting of willow, peach, and palm trees; they are the haunts of innumerable birds, remarkable for the splendour of their plumage and sweetness of their note. The yaguarète, or leopard of South America, abounds here; and men pass the summer on these islands in hunting them for the sake of their skins. There are many rapids and eddies in some parts of this river, and the Indians use double canoes with oars, some seventy feet long.

“The *ao* is an amphibious animal, very ferocious and formidable.

“The cayman, an animal of which some tribes of Indians stand in strange fear, believing it can only be killed by the reflection of its basilisk eye.

“The bearded monkeys, a troop of which are called by the Portuguese a choir, from their singing in concert at sunrise and sunset.

“The ounce has a singular stratagem to lure his prey.”—*See Southey's Hist. Brazil.*

Note 2.—Page 4.

“Mountains of sand and rock, elevated and hewn perpendicularly, present on the eastern shore of the Nile, the course of which they contract, an impregnable chain. They extend themselves to a distance, by immense and frequent intersection, into the desert, the horrors of which they augment.

* * * *

“These barren and horrible mountains are the domain of a multitude of birds, which have there fixed their habitations, where they never meet with any disturbance, and from whence they spread themselves over the waters and through the country to search for prey. The name of Dsjebel el Teir—Mountain of the Birds, given to this chain, indicates its inhabitants.”—*Sonnini's Egypt*.

“An inundation of the Nile gives a correct picture of a deluge. The cottages, being built of earth, could not stand one instant against the current. The rapid stream carried off all that was before it, men, women, children, cattle, corn, all was washed away in a moment, and left the place where the village stood without any thing to indicate that there had ever been a house on the spot. It is one vast ocean, out of which rise numerous islands and many magnificent ruins.

* * * *

“On our way down, it was pleasing to see the difference of the country: all the lands that were under water before were now not only dried up, but already sown; the muddy villages carried off by the rapid current were all rebuilt; the fences

opened, the fellahs at work in the fields, and all wore a different aspect; yet the waters had subsided only fifteen days."—*Belzoni's Egypt*.

For a description of a frightful valley, and traditions of evil spirits inhabiting temples of stone and decoying travellers, see *Fraser's Tour through the Snowy Range of the Himmālā*.

Note 3.—Page 10.

The nautilus is frequently seen in large numbers on the sea near the coast of Egypt, when the weather is perfectly fair and serene; but their slender forms are unable to endure the motion of a moderate breeze, which often destroys or strands them on the beach.—For the Halcyon and Nautilus, see *Greek Anthology*.

Note 4.—Page 34.

"The first settler in Bahia was Diogo Alvarez, a native of Viana, young, and of noble family, who, with that spirit of enterprise then common among his countrymen, embarked to seek his fortune in strange countries. He was wrecked on the shoals on the north of the bay of Bahia (1510). Part of the crew were lost, others escaped this death to suffer one more dreadful—the natives seized and eat them. Diogo saw there was no other possible chance of saving his life than by making himself useful to these cannibals. He therefore exerted himself in recovering things from the wreck, and by these exertions succeeded in conciliating their favour. Among other things,

he was fortunate to get on shore some barrels of powder and a musket, which he put in order at his first leisure, after his masters were returned to their village ; and one day, when the opportunity was favourable, brought down a bird before them. The women and children shouted ' Caramaru !'—a man of fire ! and cried out that he would destroy them : but he told the men, whose astonishment had less of fear mingled with it, that he would go with them to war and kill their enemies. They marched against the Tapuyas : the fame of this dreadful engine went before them, and the Tapuyas fled. From a slave he became a sovereign—the chiefs of the savages thought themselves happy if he would accept their daughters as his wives. He fixed his abode on the spot where Villa Velha was afterwards erected. At length, a French vessel came within the bay, and Diogo resolved to revisit his native country. He embarked with his favourite wife : the others could not bear this abandonment. Some of them swam after the ship, in hopes of being taken on board ; and one followed so far, that before she could reach the shore again her strength failed her, and she sank.

"They were received with signal honours at the court of France, and returned again to Brazil."—*Southey's Hist. of Brazil.*

"The natives call the mermen, or sea-apes, which are to be found here, Upupiara, and represent them as mischievous animals, which go up the river in summer."—*Ibid.*

See the beautiful description of the *leafless parasite plants* in Southey's History of Brazil ; also of a little white bird called the ringer, because its note resembles the sound of a bell ; and of a tree called Escapu, from which there falls a copious dew like a shower. See also the Willow Isles.

Note 5.—Page 52.

“The Indian Cupid is represented riding by moonlight on a parrot, or lory, and attended by dancing-girls or nymphs, the foremost of whom bears his colours, which are, a fish on a red ground. His favourite place of resort is round Agra, and principally the plains of Matra. His bow is of sugar-cane or flowers, with a string of bees, and his five arrows each pointed with an Indian blossom of a heating quality. His name is Camdeo,—but he has at least twenty-three names.”—*Sir Wm. Jones.*

Note 6.—Page 55.

The approach of a tornado is announced by the violent rustling of the upper branches of the trees.

For descriptions of the large black ants that infest the forests, &c., and of the immense growth of the cotton-tree, see *Hutton's Ashantee, and Bosman.*

“The ingrena, or ourang-outan, is said to be larger than a man. They tear off branches of the trees, and beat men to death in the woods.”—*Ibid.*

“The ganian trees are similar to the banian of India.

“The crown-bird is about the size of a pigeon, with beautiful green plumage. They cry every hour, like a cuckoo.”—*Ibid.*

Note 7.—Page 59.

“ In the reign of John II. of Portugal (1484), Bartholomew Diaz, an officer, whose sagacity, experience, and fortitude admirably qualified him for the undertaking, stretched boldly to the south, and after encountering a succession of tempests in unknown seas, beheld his labours and perseverance crowned by the lofty promontory which bounds Africa on that side. To behold it, was all that the violence of the winds, the shattered condition of his ships, and the turbulent spirit of his crew allowed him. The appellation of Cabo Tormentoso, or Stormy Cape, was expressive of the boisterous elements which forbade his nearer approach ; but on his return the name was changed, by the discernment of his sovereign, to that of Cape of Good Hope—the auspicious omen of future success.”—*Hist. of Spain.*

“ Three perpetual clouds are perceived at night over the Cape of Good Hope, called by seamen the Cape clouds.”—*Campbell's Travels in Africa.*

Page 90.

Saranna is the bread-fruit of the Japanese.

Baidare—the Japanese boat.

They ornament their *parkis* and all their dresses with the feathers of the sea-parrot, storm-finch, and mauridor.

Purple jessamine, *Bignoria grandiflora*, is a climbing plant, native of Japan—flowers purple.

Japan produces red pearls, which are no less esteemed than white.

Note 8.—Page 105.

" Friday, August 3d, 1492, Columbus set sail from Palos. They had hard winds at first, which they considered ominous.—11th. They had sight of the Canaries.—September 7. They lost sight of land with sighs and tears; many fearing never to see it again.—14th. Columbus observed the variation of the compass, which no man, till then, had considered; and which every day appeared more evident.—16th. They saw pieces of grass or herbs on the water, of a pale green colour; and on one of them a grasshopper alive; and these signs of land approaching made some believe they had seen it. Suddenly, Columbus called out, 'Land! land!' *but it proved but clouds.* Murmurs were now very great against that '*bold Italian,*' his prayers, and promises; and the crew determined to wait but three days before they will return. The first of these days he perceived, by the sunset, that land was near, and commanded that they should abate their sails in the night: in which night he spied light. Two hours after midnight, Roderigo de Triana descried land on the 11th of October, 1492, which, when it was day, they saw to be an island of fifteen leagues compass, plain and woody, with a great pool of fresh water; the naked people wondering on the shore, thinking their ships were living creatures. They went on land, and termed it Saint Salvador, by the inhabitants called Guanahani, one of the isles Lucayos, nine hundred and fifty leagues from the Canaries."—*Purchas his Pilgrimes.*

Note 9.—Page 107.

For an affecting account of an aged chief, whose life was forfeit to the gods, see *Bowditch*.

“An island, called Bird Island, abounds in singing birds; among the rest, a nightingale, whose note is peculiarly sweet.

“Their Fetishes, or subordinate deities, are supposed to inhabit peculiar rivers, woods, and mountains. The favourite of Ashantee is that of the river Tando.

“The *higher orders* are supposed to live with the deity after death, and enjoy all they did on earth; for which reason they sacrifice so many persons at their funerals, that they may form their attendants in the next world. Those whose wickedness has deprived them of the general custom of sacrificing, or whom neglect or circumstances may have deprived of it, are supposed to haunt the gloom of the forest—stealing occasionally to their former abodes in rare, but lingering visits.” See *Bowditch and Hutton's Ashantee*.

Note 10.—Page 128.

“The monastery of St. Aldhelm of Malmesbury was first founded by Meyldulph, a Scot, a man of great piety, in 630. It is said to have covered, with the buildings belonging to it, the space of forty-five acres.

“The abbey church was equal to most cathedrals in England.

“Such was Athelstan's veneration for Aldhelm (who was a founder of the abbey with Meyldulph), that he chose him for his tutelar saint. His cousins, Elwin and Ethelwin, slain in

the famous battle of Brunanburgh, were by Athelstan's orders buried in the abbey church, near the sepulchre of St. Aldhelm.

"Athelstan himself dying at Gloucester, his body was brought to Malmesbury with great pomp, and interred under the high altar."

A miracle of St. Aldhelm is thus recorded:—"And on a daye as he sayd masse in the chyrch of St. Johan Latrans; and whan the masse was don there was no man that wolde take his chesyble [cassock] from him at the end of the masse; and thenne he saw the sonne-beame shyne thorough the glasse wyndowe, and henge his chesyble thereon; whereof all the people marvelled greatly at that myracle. And the same chesyble is yet at Malmesburye; the colour thereof is purple."
—*Golden Legend*.

"St. Aldhelm, a near relation of Ina, king of the West Saxons, was an excellent performer on the harp, a most excellent Latin and Saxon poet, a very skilful singer, a doctor of singular merit, an eloquent speaker, and wonderful master of sacred and profane learning."—*Copied by Leland from an ancient chronicle*.

"Aldhelm used to assume the manners of a Troubadour. He placed himself on one of the bridges which led from the town to some of the neighbouring villages; and when he had collected a crowd by singing some amusing songs, he after a time induced them to listen to such discourses as were calculated to ameliorate their manners."—*Andrews's History of Great Britain*.

Note 11.—Page 139.

"The Arabian tribe of Ad were descended from Ad, the son of Aws, son of Arem, son of Sem, son of Noah, who, after the

confusion of tongues settled in Al Ahkaf, or the Winding Sands, in the province of Hadramant, where his posterity greatly multiplied. Their first king was Shedâd, the son of Ad, of whom Eastern writers deliver many strange things; particularly that he finished the magnificent cities his father had begun, wherein he built a fine palace adorned with delicious gardens, to embellish which he spared neither cost nor labour, proposing thereby to create in his subjects a superstitious veneration of himself as a god. This garden or paradise was called the garden of Iram, and is mentioned in the Koran, and often alluded to by Oriental writers. They tell us it is still to be found in the deserts of Aden, being preserved by Providence as a monument of divine justice, though it be invisible unless very rarely, when God permits it to be seen: a favour one Colabah pretended to have received, in the reign of Khalif Moâhuryah, who sending for him to know the truth of the matter, Colabah related, that as he was seeking a lost camel he found himself on a sudden at the gates of this city, and entering, saw not one inhabitant; at which, being terrified, he stayed no longer than to take with him some fine stones, which he showed the Khâlif. Shedâd and his attendants, going to take a view of his garden, were destroyed by a visitation from heaven."—*Salé's Preliminary Discourse.*

It will be perceived that Colabah's adventure, which reminds one of Sancho's apocryphal visit to the stars, has been a little altered in some of its particulars.

"That 'vapour in a plain,' which so often deceives the thirsty traveller, is called in Arabic Serâb: it is seen in sandy plains about noon, resembles a large lake of water in motion, and is occasioned by the reverberation of the sun's beams."

—*Notes to Koran.*

" I saw from the S. E. a haze come on, in colour like the purple part of the rainbow ; but not so compressed or thick : it did not occupy twenty yards in breadth, and was about twelve feet high from the ground. It was a kind of blush upon the air, and it moved very rapidly."—*Bruce's mention of the Simoom.*

" Ali said, the pious, when they come from their sepulchres, shall find ready prepared white-winged camels with saddles of gold."—*Notes to Koran.*

For the miracle of the she-camel which the prayers of Salêh produced from a rock, see *Ibid.*

The angel of death is called Dâma, and is said to call dying persons by their respective names at their last hour.

" The Arabs, when they found themselves in a desert in the evening (the genii being supposed to haunt such places about this time), used to say, ' I fly for protection unto the lord of this valley, that he may defend me from the fury of his people.' "—*Ibid.*

See the splendid descriptions in the Koran of several of the hundred gardens of paradise—the streams, whose beds are musk, earth camphire, pebbles emerald and rubies, sides saffron—the trees with golden bells of " ravishing harmony" set in motion by the wind—the Hûr-al-oyûn, so called from their large black eyes, who may be mistaken for scattered pearls—with all the delights that Mohammed declared would require the ability of a hundred men to enjoy !

" Whatever is in heaven or on earth worshippeth God voluntarily or of force, and their shadows also, morning and evening."—*Koran.*

Note.—"The infidels and devils themselves being constrained to humble themselves before him, though against their will,

when they are delivered up to punishment. The mention of the *shadows* alludes to the increasing and diminishing of the shadows according to the height of the sun ; so that when they are longest, which is *morning and evening*, they appear prostrate on the ground in the posture of adoration."—*Salé*.

A similar idea occurs in Milton :—

“ And wave your tops ye pines, and every plant
In sign of worship wave.”

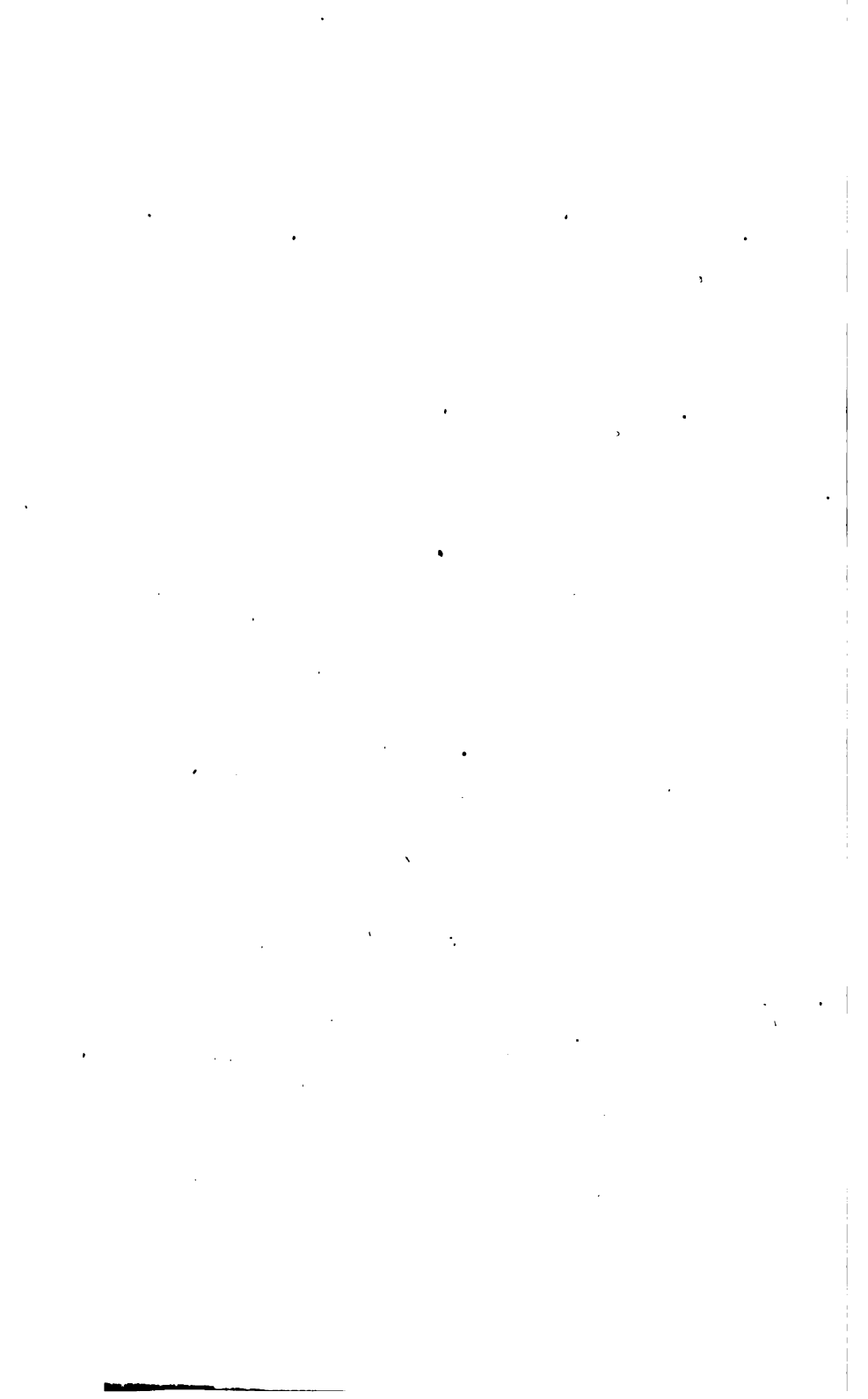
See the fable in notes to Koran, of the angels Harût and Marût, betrayed by the beauty of Zohara (the planet Venus), sent to prove their virtue.

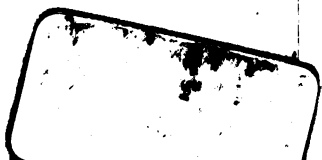
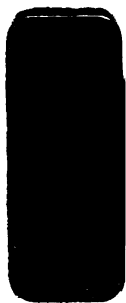
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